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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Legend and Romance, African and European.*  
By Richard Johns, Lieut. Royal Marines.  
3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Bentley.

THESE volumes contain "Sebastian of Portugal," which occupies nearly two of them, "The Pirate Island," "Attah," "The Recluse of Fernando Po," "The Cape of Storms," and "Vata, or the Leveller of Altars." The author is already advantageously known to the literary world, both as a poet and as the contributor of very clever papers to various periodicals; but he has now put forth a superior strength, and shewn himself equal to more important undertakings. One rare merit which has marked all his productions, is signally obvious in these pages—we mean originality. Neither in the longer narrative nor in the shorter pieces has he borrowed plot, incident, thought, or language, from other writers. His genius has contrived his own stories; the adventures described seem to be the actual transcript of truths, however extraordinary; his thoughts are natural to the circumstances; and even his style has a sort of reality about it, which seems to convince the reader that "here be facts," and no mere creations of the fertile brain.

"In these legends (Mr. Johns tells us) the author attempts to embody some small portion of the romance incidental to the connexion between Europe and Africa. The descriptions of localities introduced are either from his personal observation, or the unpublished authority of greater voyagers than he pretends to be, who have kindly assisted him in his topography. With reference to Western Africa, scenes are laid among pirates and slave-dealers, which, it is to be regretted, cannot introduce more respectable *dramatis personæ*; but such only were the characters lent by Europe to these coasts, till Great Britain commenced her efforts for the abolition of the slave-trade: efforts which, it is to be hoped, will at length be successful, and then brighter days may dawn on Africa's unhappy shores; but such as they were, during the periods referred to, has been portrayed, so far as necessary, for the illustration of the legends. The history of Sebastian, king of Portugal, is involved in much obscurity by the contradictory statements of contemporary historians; but the author, with deference, suggests that the ground he has taken is fully as capable of defence as of assault; though he means not, by such assertion, to throw down the gauntlet to those who would unmercifully sift the historical gatherings of a poor story-teller, in the hope of finding them chaff."

Such is the definition of the writer, and we have but to testify that he has fairly and ably wrought out his conceptions; so carefully founding himself on all his data, that if he had been producing history, instead of "legend and romance," it would puzzle the critic to detect faults in him.

The characters in "Sebastian of Portugal" belong to the noble family of Montoyo, to Moorish captives, and to other subordinate personages, who are deeply involved in love affairs, before the king embarks on his fatal African expedition. Thither the leaders are transported,

and the events of the war skilfully intermingled with the fictions of the author's invention. Among the earlier scenes figures a certain Padré Chavès, of whom we shall beg leave to make an example, *pour encourager les autres*.

"The boon companions" recommended their wine. The servitor, despite his threat of staying but for one bottle more, was easily persuaded to see out another, and another; while the padré was too delighted at the acquisition of the gold, the presence of an old associate, and the opportune absence of Marguerita, not to feel inclined for even extra indulgence,—albeit a difficult point to reach with so habitual a toper. All concealment and restraint forsook him: he felt, that if there were a creature in the world to whom he could unburden himself, it was Nicolao, who well knew the priest's peccadilloes, and had, in fact, by the discovery of them, on more than one occasion, got Chavès completely within his power. 'Don't talk to me of women,' cried the padré, in answer to some of the servitor's free jokes; 'I have forsaken them, treacherous minxes! I believe my niece would hand me over to the new inquisitors if she found me confessing millers' wives, after hours, nowadays. Let us stick to wine, Nicolao,' continued the priest; 'dost know what I mean to do with thy fifty pieces? The greatest charity I can confer upon society is to explain the nature of beverages which the ingenuity of man hath concocted under the specious generical name of wine. I am certain that little is known about vinous poisons; and what is more deleterious than bad drink?' Here the padré took a draught at the flagon before him, which proved his perfect confidence in the present tippie being especially good. Another and another pull at the cup succeeded, till, it is to be feared, his intended inquiry into the pernicious qualities of vinous poison was, for the present, lost in the general philosophy of drinking, on which point he became peculiarly discursive. 'My son,' remarked the maudlin padré, looking with grave aspect at Nicolao, who was fooling him to the top of his bent, 'drinking is an honest occupation, and injures no one. Look at the lower animals; they always enjoy a draught more than a feed. The horse snorts with delight in his bucket; the cat purrs as she laps: the ducks lift their heads in gratitude to heaven even for a throttling of muddy water from a green pond. Oh! drinking is a blessed act throughout all creation; and man, being alone in the possession of reason, has invented wine: but it ought to be good, Nicolao. Even instinct teaches where the best liquor is to be found. Look at the bee,' droned the padré, closing his eyes and shaking his head, as though he were delivering a homily,—for the purple draughts he had taken sadly bewildered his brain; 'look at the bee, how he goes from flower to flower, tasting and tasting the mawkish stuff, till he comes to the hollyhock; and there he sticks till he swills his full, like a jolly fellow, and drops where he drank. Now for the moral, Nicolao, my son!' and Padré Chavès opened his eyes wide, in a sort of ecstasy, which made his companion roar with laughter; 'I will sing my moral: you may laugh if you will; but that

little insect shames man, even the wisest, who drinks bad liquor.' Then, fixing himself securely in his chair, he trolled forth, with a deep bass voice, this moral lay:

'What is the love of the tulip to me?'  
Said the happy, and droning tippy bee;  
'The rose may bluish as I hasten by,  
'The lily may hang her head and die;  
But, oh! at their jealous pangs I mock,  
Mine be the juice of the hollyhock—  
To sip the sweets of the hollyhock—  
The tippy sweets of the hollyhock!  
Mine, mine, mine the juice of the hollyhock!

And what is the blush of the fairest cheek?  
And what care I for the love it may speak?  
Black eye, or hazel, or azure hue,  
May weep, like flowers, in pearly dew;  
For, oh! at the pangs of love I mock,  
As sips the bee of the hollyhock—  
The tippy sweets of the hollyhock—  
Oh! mine be the vineyard's purple stock,—  
Wine! wine! wine! like juice of the hollyhock!  
Let others look to the stores of the hive,  
And, like humble-bees, with the thrifty thrive:  
Away with care, and let toil be o'er;  
The reeking grape give us wine in store:  
For, oh! at the woes of life I mock,  
As sips the bee of the hollyhock—  
The tippy sweets of the hollyhock—  
Oh! mine be the vineyard's purple stock,—  
Wine! wine! wine! like juice of the hollyhock!

'Bravely sung, my friend! bravely sung!' cried the delighted servitor; 'why, thou art a naturalist, and a philosopher, and the most immaculate of padrés!' 'And are you not both ashamed of yourselves?' exclaimed a shrill voice at the door of the apartment. 'Senhor Nicolao, is such your friendship for the padré, when you know that a little wine makes him almost beside himself?' With this affecting appeal to Nicolao's conscience for having beguiled the abstemious priest into a debauch, entered Marguerita, a buxom damsel of about five and twenty years. Her uncle regarded her with the leaden eye of intoxication, for the sudden appearance of his affectionate relative had quite finished him. Nicolao, who had been taught to drink among bull-fighters, was sufficiently composed to make all proper excuses. The padré was carefully led to his bed, after which the servitor ratified a peace over a glass of *liqueur* with the mollified lady; and then, seeking his horse, was in a few minutes on his road to Lisbon."

This is a just sample of the writer's spirit: and the jolly padré's experiments upon wines, as afterwards related, are equally redolent of humour, and will be read both with amusement and instruction,—for they are curious on the subject.

Camoens, the poet, is introduced, perhaps rather artificially, as he has little connexion with the story (except as the master of Zadig, a faithful Moor); but, as an individual portrait, who brought the orange into Portugal and died in poverty, it stands out boldly and nobly in relief. We will extract as much as we can of his death. Zadig has returned from the disastrous African war.

"Camoens was in far greater poverty than when the Moor had left him. Then, it is true, the superfluities of life were denied, but there yet remained food and raiment: while that which robbing and sustenance were to the body, the mind still held in possession, despite misfortune,—hope, to feed and clothe the soul. Though its daily garnish of fair fruit, like the

apple of the Dead Sea shore, became ashes, and the green leaves of promise withered with the setting sun, the morning renewed them : now, no renewal came ! Such was the substance of Camoens' welcome to the Moor, who found him in an obscure lodging within the western suburb of Lisbon. 'Ah, Zadi ! I am now poor indeed,' continued the bard, pursuing the theme of his increased misery ; 'food, raiment, hope, all gone,—even shelter is to be denied me ! My last coin is expended ! I thought all had abandoned me, and that to-morrow I must have been cast forth to die in the street, or, perchance, carried to an hospital. The broken chalice which contains the dregs of life were better crushed at once than perish thus : but in those dregs a pearl exists no poison can destroy ; 'twill rise again to gem the courts of heaven :—such is my belief, Zadi. Hast thou in thy strange creed, made up of chaotic elements, confounding mystery with mystery, a better soul-sustaining hope when the worn frame is tottering o'er that gulf where nature shrinks from that which is most natural—from death ?' 'Master,' answered Zadi, evading the question, which he knew was but a gauntlet thrown down inviting argument, 'it is with life we have to do, not death. How wilt thou live on with lack of bread, when disease is feeding on thy wasted powers ? Have all means been tried to awaken the compassion of the court ? Was it to die near the abode of the rich and proud, the high of birth, they lured Portugal's only bard with the mockery of a pension ?' 'Even so, Zadi : my name still swells the courtly retinue. Sebastian dead, I shall be considered the pensioner of Dom Henry ; allowed admittance to the presence-chamber, could I crawl there, and yet denied the paltry pittance that would gain me food. My meals have often now a grace more solemn than prayer or thanksgiving—a yesterday of fasting !' 'Dear master,' exclaimed the Moor, 'this must not be : and his broad chest heaved with emotion as he gazed on the pallid face of Camoens, o'er which a smile played, though it was but a sad one. The smile of the blind is ever painful to the beholder, for the brightness which should illumine it is not there, and the bard was then rapidly losing the sight of that eye which had directed the labours of his immortal pen : thus threatening to involve one, who mentally had been the only light which had risen for ages over the intellectual gloom of Portugal, in perfect night. That Camoens' vivid fancy should yet return, and its scintillations burst forth, even at his own distresses, need not surprise us. Camoens had been taught by affliction to become a Christian philosopher ; and Misfortune had so long made her home with him, that she was familiar as a friend. Not even when disturbed by intrusion on the privacy of his thoughts—when visited by those who sought the gratuitous offices of his muse, while they withheld the assistance which might long have kept on earth the soul of the immortal genius whose aid they craved—could he be aroused to anger. A fidalgo, named Ruy Dias de Camera, was the last who came to his miserable dwelling on this ungracious errand. He requested the poet to translate into Portuguese for him the Penitential Psalms, and Camoens thus expressed himself in answer to his solicitations : 'When I wrote verses, I was young and had sufficient food ; was a lover, and beloved by many friends : thus I felt poetic ardour. Now I am without energy. Behold ! I require two vintems to buy coal, and I have them not.' His appeals to the ministers of Dom Henry had been equally manly and affecting, but subdued. His disease, aggravated by want of

nourishment, long prevented him from leaving his lodgings : his letters to the court were unanswered, and he remained untended and unvisited. The return of Zadi, and the devoted attachment he expressed for Camoens, cheered the desolate sufferer ; but he at once saw the improbability of assistance from such a source. Zadi goes out and begs for him, and returns with a small quantity of bread and wine, of which he gives to his faithful friend.

"Drink, Zadi ; the poison of disease is not on my lips. It is true that I am dying ; but my frame hath yet the energies of years in it. I have heard, the lust of life—the strong desire to live—doth sometimes give reanimation to the sick whom the sage mediciner hath pronounced as on the bed of death. My soul has wearied of this earth, nor will it lend the vital spark to longer bondage. I have already lived too long : I look for fellowship in vain ;—friends I have none save thee. Ah ! Catherina, heaven is thy fitting home ; soon shall I join thee in those realms of bliss. And thou, Antonio ! friend of my youth, sharer of every thought, and comrade in fields of toil and danger—yes ! we shall meet within the world of spirits, and from the realms of space regard this sublimar scene ; amid the wonders of revolving spheres, with all the secret springs of essence and of matter bared to eyes opened on immortality, still pondering one mystery,—how man, who feels that he doth journey to eternity, can toy with life as though it led but to annihilation.'

"It was about the tenth month after Zadi had taken on himself the charge of Camoens, whom all others seemed to have forgotten, that the Moor had the mortification of returning home, without even the coarse food which had till then sustained these companions in misery. Supperless had they gone to their hard beds, for Zadi had not that day earned enough to procure a meal. Heavily the bard slept, but the eyes of his watchful friend were ever opening to regard the sick man. The chimes of the church of Santa Anna told the hour of midnight, when Zadi started from the ground. Camoens had called him by name. Seated upright in the bed, his eye dilated, and beaming with a strange lustre which seemed to absorb the rays of the solitary taper placed near him, the bard fixedly regarded the Moor. One hand was resting on the pillow, supporting him in his upraised position, and with the other he slowly beckoned. 'Zadi,' said Camoens, 'I have been in a trance.' 'No, master, thou hast but slept,' quickly answered his alarmed attendant. 'I have been in a trance, Zadi,' solemnly reiterated the dying man, 'and I have seen a vision mingling earth and heaven. I had been ages dead, if bliss like that I felt we may call death, and had in spirit come to hover o'er the earth. Princes and people, sages and bards, a gathering of nations, were calling on Camoens. That fame, winging its way through Christendom, for which my soul in life had panted, now was mine. Honour to Camoens !—every tongue joined in the song of praise. Amid this strange apotheosis, I heard a seraph's voice, and thus it spake : 'Wilt thou return to earth ? The wings that bore me trembled ; but I answered, 'Rather be mine with humble strain to swell our loud hosannas round the celestial throne.' The poet's eye grew dim. 'Zadi !'—his head bowed towards the Moor : the hand which had grasped his relaxed its pressure ; and the soul of the bard of Lusitania passed to the realm of spirits. His incidental mention of the convent of Santa Anna determined the last resting-place

of Camoens. It was the nearest religious house to the shed which had sheltered the dying bard. Here, beneath a marble slab, were deposited the mortal remains of the author of the 'Luciad,' undistinguished from the humblest unlettered peasant of Portugal ; his obsequies unattended, as his death was unlamented, by all save one faithful attendant."

Our author restores Sebastian to his country ; but as a private man, who retires to the mountain passes of Astorga, and passes his life far from the ambition of a throne.

Of the other tales we must speak briefly. The "Pirate's Island" is a strange wild story, in which the curse of a father and the fate of a Cornish family, above a century ago, are vividly painted. In this, as well as in "Attah," the next in succession, and indeed in all, the author's acquaintance with the tropical clime and scenery, enables him to draw very striking and real pictures of the situations where he embodies his action. In "Attah," in particular, there are descriptions which effect in prose what Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" produced in poetry—the most powerful images and emotions. The loves of the slave-dealer and his faithful negro girl are told with deep interest. "The Recluse" and "The Cape of Storms" are also very impressive ; but "Vata," the concluding piece, of the Druidical period, is altogether so original a conception, and so boldly executed, that we would especially recommend it to the public.

*The Doctrine of the Deluge, vindicating the Scriptural Account from the Doubts which have recently been cast upon it by Geological Speculations.* By the Rev. L. Vernon Harcourt. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1838. Longman and Co.

A FRENCH writer says that, in etymology, 'Les consonnes comptent pour peu de chose, et les voyelles pour rien,' a principle which, in the volumes before us, has been carried to its full extent. No sportsman can more enjoy the excitement of a chase, than Mr. Harcourt delights in the hunt after an evasive root. If the scent suddenly is lost in the Hebrew language, he falls upon it again in the Coptic, and away he goes in full cry after his victim, until he finally runs it down in the Phœnician, after a series of incredible leaps over every impediment of reason and probability. We regret that this monomania, if we may so call it, disfigures what might otherwise have been an able and instructive work. A great portion of Mr. Harcourt's pages are devoted to an attempt to trace the fables of the heathen mythology to the age of Noah ; and in the prosecution of this design, although it is of little value in itself, he has brought together a store of important materials, which may hereafter be rendered eminently available for a different purpose. That part of the work which proves the deluge to have been a type of the Christian sacrament of baptism, and enters into a discussion upon the nature of regeneration, evinces strong powers of argument and a correct judgment, and presents a forcible contrast to the irrational and extravagant tone of his etymological deductions. We extract the following passage, as a fair specimen of Mr. Harcourt's style :—

"The long period of time which was suffered to elapse while the vengeance of God hovered over the devoted earth, was admirably calculated to prove the character of the patriarch, and to give him an opportunity of preaching repentance to the ungodly,—of shewing his zeal in the service of God, and evincing the firmness of his faith ; and thus the same flood,

which was the instrument of destruction to the unbelieving world, became the instrument of salvation to those who believed the word of the Lord. But there was another most important advantage gained by the mode of punishment selected. The flood, which purified the earth and expiated its guilt, and renovated the face of nature, inculcated, at the same time, a moral lesson to be transmitted to all succeeding generations: it taught men that there can be no reconciliation to God without atonement, and that the stains of sin must be washed away, and that every sinner must be regenerated in order to escape the curse which sin provokes. St. Peter declares that baptism saves us by the resurrection of Jesus Christ. At first sight the direct connexion between these doctrines is not very obvious; but it must be remembered, that a resurrection from the grave bears a very close analogy to that reappearance from the ark, which was a second life to those who had been entombed, as it were, in that huge coffin, or representative of Hades, the place of departed spirits. It was, therefore, equivalent to regeneration; and St. Paul insists upon the resemblance in express terms: 'We are buried,' says he, 'with Jesus Christ by baptism into death; that, like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.' His argument requires that those who have been baptised should live as regenerated persons. Since, then, the idea of escape from destruction was the predominant notion which the Jews associated with the recollection of the deluge, there is another passage in the prophet Zechariah which must be considered an allusion to the same event: 'It shall be in that day, that living waters shall go out from Jerusalem, half of them toward the former sea, and half of them toward the hinder sea: in summer and in winter shall it be. And the Lord shall be king over all the earth—all the land shall be turned as a plain from Geba to Rimmon, south of Jerusalem: and it shall be lifted up, and inhabited in her place,—and men shall dwell in it; and there shall be no more utter destruction, but Jerusalem shall be safely inhabited.' Prophecy is accustomed to mingle images of the future with images of the past. In the present instance, to disentangle the combination, we must consider what destruction is intended. Now, it can scarcely be the destruction of the city; for so far was it from being utterly destroyed at the time when the judgments fell upon it, which were just before denounced, that one moiety of the people were not to be cut off from it: and the event verified the prediction. But the Hebrew word, which is rendered 'utter destruction' in our version, is translated by the Vulgate and Septuagint 'anathema,' because it means a curse as well as desolation. If, then, we bear in mind the compassionate declaration of Him, who had just shewn himself to be so signally the Lord and King over all the earth,—'I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake,'—we can scarcely doubt that a comparison was intended between the covenant with Jerusalem and the former covenant with the earth. In the preceding verse it is said, that all the land shall be turned as a plain; but the more obvious meaning of the Hebrew word is, that it shall be encompassed or surrounded; and if rivers were to burst forth from Mount Sion to the east and to the west, the land would be encompassed with waters, like the earth at the deluge; and then the lifting up of the holy hill above those waters, in order to its being safely inhabited, is in exact correspondence with

an opinion still current among the Hindoos about their holy place, Benares. The mythological reason, says Wolff the missionary, given for its sanctity is, that during a great deluge the space forming the holy ground was raised by supernatural means, so as to remain above the waters, which had drowned the rest of the world. In connexion with which he observes, that the Hindoos have a number of expiatory rites, chiefly of the nature of penances for sin. But the prophetic style required that the cleansing agency of those waters should be principally regarded. They were living waters; waters of salvation; waters flowing from the fountain noticed in the preceding chapter, which was opened to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness. They are the exact counterparts of those rivers in Ezekiel, which flowed from the temple, and carried life and healing with them to every place over which they passed."

Before we close this brief notice of a work, the labour and ingenuity in whose composition, however, occasionally misdirected, we cannot but admire, we feel it our duty to speak in favour of the spirit in which it is written. We are not of that class who dilate upon the poverty and inefficiency of the reason of man, who would forbid its being exercised upon those lofty subjects which call forth its highest powers, and who deem it presumptuous to frame even a conjecture upon those dark but important points which afford a congenial sphere for exertion to the most elevated properties of the mind. Man is indeed but "a little lower than the angels." At the same time, we are still more opposed to those who, when the conclusions of our limited discernment seem at variance with the revelations of infinite wisdom, endeavour to reconcile the Scriptures to reason, instead of reason to the Scriptures; and we are afraid that a feeling which would promote disunion between religion and science, by advocating the interests of the latter as all-important; is but too prevalent. Science must ever be subservient to religion; and, in its attempts to render itself independent, it will be deprived of the only certain warrant for truth it possesses, and be destroyed in the anarchy and confusion of the unsettled ideas which will spring up in the absence of all restraint. If, however, their proper relation be maintained, each will prove of the greatest advantage to the other, mutually giving and receiving fresh assistance; and it is as an attempt to preserve this connexion unimpaired, the dissolution of which would be fatal to one party and injurious to the other, that we bestow our chief praise on Mr. Harcourt's volumes.

*Love's Exchange. A Tale.* By Charles John Boyle. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

WE have to add a new name to the list of successful novelists, though not a name new to successful literature; for Mr. Boyle is, we believe, the brother of Miss Mary Boyle, of whose authorship we had last year occasion to speak so highly. It is not always that talent runs in the blood.

In *Love's Exchange*, there is much of reflection upon the world, or rather upon the feelings with which we begin, pass through, and finish, life's eventful history. These all bespeak a refined mind,—a mind that loves the pure and good, and hurries by the impure and worthless. Then our "plot is an admirable plot," and the secret so uncommonly well kept that we should be more than usually reluctant to betray a *scintilla* of the knowledge we have acquired of it, through two evenings' very

pleasant reading. The prominent characters—such as Lady Helen Loftus, Basil Honeton, Bouchier (the weak and wavering hero), and others, are extremely well drawn; and, altogether, our report must be most favourable to a *début* of so promising a kind, and so able a performance. We are at a loss for examples—as we always are with works of the class—but the following quarrel between a father and son, will shew the author's powers over passion and dialogue:—

"The father and son met down here at the hall: both obstinately persisted in their former resolves. The one loudly demanded pecuniary assistance; and the other, as loudly, met the demand with the most angry and stanch refusal. Sir Maurice, in common conversation, often waxed warm; but in this instance, he became more dreadfully violent than ever. The elder son, his favourite, and the only human being, who, at such a moment, could have possessed the slightest command over his enraged parent, upon that morning was unfortunately absent from the hall. No one, then, being at hand to curb the old man's ungovernable deportment, it soon had its way. After every sort of bitter invective, he peremptorily ordered Sir Ralph to quit the house, declaring, as he hoped to be saved, that he would neither help him, see him again, nor consent to receive any letter or paper sent by him, or concerning him. See him he never did after that day. The dreadful meeting here was their last. Sir Ralph, himself the inheritor of his father's impetuous temper, was worked up to a high pitch of frenzy by this determined rejection, even of his slightest demands. As he quitted Sir Maurice's presence, the overwhelming nature of his embarrassments must have struck him the more forcibly, as he looked around at the princely dwelling he was now about to quit, he might fancy, for ever. Difficulties, hopeless and instant, crowded, one upon the other, into his mind. His anger passed its former bounds; and, in the heat and excitement of the moment, he raised his voice; and, as he crossed the hall, used some loud and dreadful expression. The words—as probably, at that instant, it was intended they should—failed not to reach the quick ears of the old man, for he was still in the room above stairs; he started from his seat, and stepped out upon that same balcony, at which Margaret appeared this morning, when Maurice interrupted her song, and made her come down to us. I should tell you that there were several servants in the hall: some passing slowly through, others loitering more decidedly by the open door of the porch, all, as you may suppose, watching, with much curiosity, the issue of so unusual an occurrence as Master Ralph's visit at Honeton. 'Hear me!' cried Sir Maurice, loudly addressing his son from above, 'Hear me, before you quit this house for ever! Shame and disgrace as you are to the name you bear, I would speak to you once more. You—you—' his speech died away unfinished, so agitated was his manner. 'You have, at least, bestowed upon me a name you might call me by,' retorted the other: 'I am your own son, Sir Maurice Honeton!' 'Son!' burst forth the angry parent, stamping with rage, and knocking his clenched fist against the balustrade—'My son, say you? By Heaven! I will never again consider you as one. Such you shall cease to be called by me, ere another moment.' But by others, nevertheless, my honoured father, replied Sir Ralph, sarcastically, 'it will not be so easy to make the world forget I am your son.' 'It shall be easy,' vociferated Sir Maurice; 'I



will disown you this instant. I here utterly renounce you, as God above, whose wrath be on you, is my witness! Mark me, yonder," he continued, beckoning to the servants; and, raising his voice still higher, "here, before you all, I cast this son of mine from me. Shut my door against him—drive him from it! Witness what I say—recollect that, from this very hour, I will not, do not, look upon him as my child—I have turned my face from him—I have disclaimed every tie that should connect us! Go from my sight, Ralph Honeaton, for ever!—Leave a house you should never have called a home—even now you stand as a stranger in it. Leave it—quit my roof—go!" Sir Ralph, as yet, made no reply; but he looked up at his father, and smiled. This was past endurance: words—such as were now dying away upon his own ear, angry, violent words—had far better have been uttered, than that this suppressed laugh should have been perceived by the enraged Sir Maurice. It bespoke such complete indifference to the language which had burst in a paroxysm of fury from his lips, that he was instantaneously wrought up to a more fearful pitch than ever. "My son! then," he cried, with an increasing stress of bitter irony on the word, every time it issued from his mouth—"my son!—since I am to call you so, listen to me—listen to your father. You have come to crave your portion: verily, you are my child, and you shall have it. Retract, then, this instant what you have said; and declare that I confer what you have demanded generously. If you do not, a lie is on your tongue; for, what I give you, I give freely—readily—willingly. Take my curse!—do you mark me?—My curse—from my heart I bestow it!" "A goodly heritage," cried the other, his anger equally rising: "but the better to enhance your generosity, it should have cost you, like any other gift, some small repugnance to part with it, my good father!" "Now, hark ye!" replied the old man, catching at the last word, which Sir Ralph had strongly accented, well high choking, at the same time, with his own. "You are a father too: may you be a wretched one! May you love the boy that calls you so, as I once loved you!" He wiped from his brow the cold drops that had gathered there. "Let him live, as you have done, to sting his father to the heart!" "Then, at least, wish me one other, to become my favourite," retorted the angry man, with a bitter allusion to his own brother. "Ay!" screamed Sir Maurice, "I do. Have a favourite—take him to your heart—love him—and let him—die!" Pausing to gain breath, for his rage had seemed to hurry him forward in his bitter imprecations till he was almost exhausted, Sir Maurice repeatedly struck the wood-work, against which he leaned for support.

The portrait of a favourite gamekeeper affords another fair example of truth and expression.

"Upon the wall, under this window, were suspended a motley assemblage of the dead. Polecats, stoats, weasels, owls, and other species of vermin, were nailed up, not only, as if it were deemed thereby impossible to offend any one of the senses, but disposed with a certain degree of order and attention, that bespoke vanity in their destroyer, even when arranging the putrid carcases of his victims. Hitherto, on entering the humble dwelling, he had found the falconer confined to his seat, though, for all that, busily employed in the education of a young hawk. As he now once more lifted the latch, and pushed open the low door, he discovered the leg to be so far restored to its former

health and activity, that it no longer reposed on the flat surface of an oaken bench. Bernard was altogether in quite a different attitude: he knelt upon the floor, before a short perch, on which stood the hooded bird, which he seemed to be in the act of worshipping, rather than instructing. "Oh, the brave baggage! the dainty jade! the sweet slut!" cried Bernard, on a sudden, as his ever welcome visitor stood before him on the threshold of his secluded dwelling. "Look ye, Master Maurice! look ye! See how gallantly she steps from off her perch upon my fist, and back, and without a thought of bating from me. Have ye, pretty mistress? eh! cunning one; have ye then?" he continued, playing with the bird. "You are an apt hussy, and shall be set to the line right soon." And, as he ran on in a similar strain, his eyes glistened with delight, and sparkled with scarcely less of brilliancy, than those of the plumed favourite beneath her red hood. "Why, Bernard, man," exclaimed his young master, "you throw away as much honeyed talk, and as many coaxing words, as if a sweetheart, in good truth, stood before you." Bernard smiled, and again enticed the bird upon his hand. At any other time such a sight would have been hailed with joy by Maurice, have called forth exclamations of loud delight, or questions as to the manner of treating the numerous pupils; but, just now, his thoughts dwelt more with those for whom the iron rule of instruction had been laid aside—hawks, whose gallant prowess, and ready obedience in the fields of air, had been put to the test, and only repaid each repeated trial the more thoroughly. It was, consequently, to his no small satisfaction, that, after the usual inquiry, the falconer declared one day more to be all the rest he required for his hitherto refractory limb, and that the next, "an" it pleased Master Maurice, should not find him wanting at his usual post. These good tidings were conveyed to Maurice in a whisper, for a strange step had first attracted the scholar's attention, and she presently started at the sound of another voice in the cottage. In an instant, abruptly quitting the pedagogue's arm, she sprang back to her wooden perch, whilst, to Bernard's discomfiture, a feather or two began to ruffle. "Tut, tut, baggage!" he exclaimed as pettishly as an offended coquette, and holding forth a bit of raw meat close to the affrighted favourite's beak, and with his other hand gently stroking her on the breast with a small black feather, "Will you suffer my boy Hal to approach you any moment, night or day, and must needs put up your plumes at your own young master, because, forsooth, he speaks before ye? I took you to be better reclaimed, hussy!" The bird seemed to comprehend the actual words of reproach, or by the tone in which they were uttered, to interpret their meaning; for she smoothed her disturbed feathers, cocked her head on one side, then slightly raising her wings, jumped back upon Bernard's extended arm, and snapping at the bit of red food, gulped it down her yellow throat in a second.

We now select one of the many reflections with which the tale is sweetened and enriched.

"There are some natures so utterly without guile—bosoms, from the first, so void of those latent seeds, which, after but a slight contact with the world, ripen into early suspicion and distrust, that blindness towards the most glaring facts may almost amount to infatuation. In a great degree had the artless Mabel been the dupe of her own inexperience; yet that inexperience was of a kind few could have desired she should discard, before the bitter moment of

necessity had fully come, and she was to learn that the most beautiful, the most unselfish, the most cherished feelings of her heart, had only tended to help in the work of her self-delusion. If a generous nature, from its very character disposed to trust all, had served to deceive her the more completely; in like proportion were her eyes to be opened only the quicker and more widely, when the veil, that had long covered them, should be rent in the very least."

A scene of misery, connected with our preceding extracts, will finally exhibit the author in a striking light. The elder brother has sunk through the ice, and the narrative proceeds.

"Tarry not, tarry not, Alice; every moment is fearfully precious—death, perhaps, death in it. Fly to your father, find Bernard, and make him follow me. Do you then run, and call every human being you can meet with. Send them all after us, down to the lake. Oh, God! my poor Maurice, there has been fearful delay as it is!" and, seizing the bundle of ropes he had heaped together, he swung them across his shoulder, snatched up a long pole, with a hook at its point, and hurried back to the fatal spot. All was in the state he had left it, save Flenice. The poor dog, as if exhausted by its howlings, or bereft of every instinctive hope, had crept as close to the broken edge as it was able; and now lay quite still, its head resting on its paws, its eyes fixed upon the large open space, from which it suffered nothing to turn it. A low plaintive whine escaped at the intervals of Basil's fruitless endeavours to find his brother. In vain the wretched young man approached within a dangerous distance of the wide opening. In vain he called upon Maurice, letting down the ropes, and pushing the blocks of floating ice from the hole he, every moment, made larger with his repeated blows. The ropes came up again; but no other hand but his own grasped them. Again and again he repeated these endeavours, when Bernard, suddenly dashing down from the woody bank, stood breathless at his side. "What is it, Master Basil?" cried the affrighted man, loaded with every implement that could promise succour, or that human forethought could have devised: "what is it?" Uttering the words, his eye encountered Flenice—the beaver hat—the long knotted stick, his own gift that very morning to his favourite. "The Lord above! Master Basil, whom seek you? Not him—not him—no—not Maurice Honeaton." "Yes, yes," cried Basil, "I do seek my brother; I do seek Maurice; and, oh, God! as I fear, never to find him." Bernard, at these words, let fall the contents of his hands. He was like one smitten by the bolt of Heaven. He turned ghastly pale. His eyes were fixed upon the broken ice—his teeth chattered, and his knees shook with such violence, that he would have lost his footing upon the bank, if Basil had not caught hold of him. An infant's hand might have felled the tall muscular form of the falconer to the earth. "Rouse yourself, Bernard!" cried Basil, in a beseeching tone, "rouse yourself! bethink you who it is that needs every effort we can make. Perhaps we might yet save him." These few words, delivered with that sort of cold tone and calm authority, which often the more clearly denote a well-grounded despair, had instant effect upon the falconer. He seemed by a violent struggle to recover from his stupor; for with a burst of agony he exclaimed—"The poor boy! the poor boy!" As he spoke, tears started from the man's eyes, and rolled down his weather-beaten

cheeks. Seizing some of the implements he had let fall, he proceeded to assist Basil; but, for some moments following, their joint exertions were undisturbed by further conversation. Both remained silent. Basil, grasping a rope held by Bernard, approached the opening in the ice, till it bent under his feet, and he was forced to make a backward step. Bernard dealt blow after blow upon the hard surface of the lake, to enlarge the already wide circle—then plunged the grappling iron below. ‘Am I not to look upon that face again?’ at last sobbed out the faithful servant, as it were, addressing himself. ‘Shall I never hear that cry, with which he kindly hailed me as I passed him an hour ago?’ Oh! my young master—oh! Maurice, Maurice Honeton! where are you?’ ‘Alas!’ replied Basil, ‘I begin to fear that the under current has carried him far down. Maurice! my poor brother! that you could answer—that you could reach this hand!’ Before much more time had been expended by Basil and his companion, in a hundred such attempts to draw Maurice Honeton from his watery grave, a multitude of workmen and others had come to their assistance. Every further effort, however, proved equally vain. The lake was broken up in all directions; flat-bottomed boats were conveyed to the edge, and soon launched amid the fragments of disturbed and floating ice. Grappling irons, hooks, poles, ropes, were lowered, again and again, into the deep water; but each time they returned to the hands that held them, raising nothing but muddy heaps of weeds, or dripping rubbish. At last, however, a party of men, who were considerably lower down upon the lake than the rest, called loudly to their companions, and beckoned that they should join them. Basil guessed the truth, and, followed by Bernard, made his way to the spot. As they drew near, the stiffened body of Maurice Honeton was in the act of being lifted from the water. His face was dreadfully gashed and bruised, the current having driven him with violence against some projecting edge of ice, or equally sharp substance, and carried him, as Basil had said, far from the spot where the stick had fallen from his hand, when he sank through the treacherous opening, to yield his last breath beneath. Basil gazed upon his brother, and spoke to him; yet he was quite conscious that life was extinct; and stooping, he gently closed the lid, for the distorted glassy stare of that once laughing eye was not to be endured. Such affection as Basil felt, hovers round the cold corpse to the last, often refusing to acknowledge the changes that are palpable; watching, speaking, as if life were yet there, till the grave claims the precious relic, locks it up, and, in its avarice, yields it no more to mortal gaze. Basil, for a few moments after he had performed the sad office mentioned above, preserved a silence, which the numerous crowd, now collected, respected too much to break. ‘My mother!’ he at length said, in a low voice, ‘oh my poor mother! how will she bear to look upon him? And he!—for the thought of the father’s adoration for the one child flashed across the other,—‘he loved him; assuredly my father loved Maurice.’ Basil buried his face in his hands, as if to stifle the accumulated agony of his thoughts; then again he bent over the dead body, and again he brushed back the long, wet, clustering hair, from the inanimate countenance. There could be traced upon it now, no other expression than one of intense suffering. The agony of death was depicted in the most frightful distortions.”

*The Life of Thomas Reynolds, Esq., formerly of Killea Castle, in the County of Kildare.* By his Son, Thomas Reynolds. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Hooper; Dublin, Milliken and Son.

THIS is a difficult publication to deal with, and will, probably, not meet with one impartial review in the whole circle of periodical judgment. It is almost impossible to divest oneself of partisanship either on the one side or the other; and the events involved in this narrative are of too deep a nature to admit of public justice or private fairness. The two aspects which the book presents are exactly such as will admit of the eulogies of friends and the bitterest reproaches of enemies. The former will exalt the filial piety of the writer; will dwell on the great service rendered to the kingdom by the explosion of a most dangerous conspiracy; will exculpate Mr. Reynolds from all selfish, and claim for him all patriotic motives; and, in fine, will hold him up as the loyal subject, and, for his loyalty, a malignant and persecuted man. The latter will hardly excuse the efforts of the son, and declare them to be misrepresentations and falsehoods; will paint the father as a sordid traitor, who sold the lives of his friends and associates; will call him by the odious names of spy and informer; and describe him as infamous beyond all example of infamy.

Jaffier, in “*Venice Preserved*,” is only half forgiven when he has redeemed his weakness by self-slaughter; and what could Mr. Reynolds expect from the associates of those whom his revelations brought to expatriation, slaughter, and the scaffold?

Perhaps, amidst these conflicting sentiments, the chief value of the work, leaving opinion upon the individual to be determined by the feelings of readers, may be thought to be the light it reflects upon the existing condition of Ireland at this hour. When we look at similar organisations in parishes, districts, provinces, and the capital, we are staggered with the inference that similar horrors may be concealed under the surface, and that similar crimes, murders, and assassinations, may be followed by like national calamities. May Heaven avert the omens! but the resemblance is fearful.

In 1798, when the rebellion was crushed, Mr. Reynolds (born in 1771) was honoured with public addresses, &c. &c. In 1808, he was closely pursued by the hatred of the United Irishmen, whose cause he had betrayed. He was employed by government in several public capacities at Lisbon and in the north; and, finally, retired to France in 1820, where he lived during the last fifteen years of his varied and memorable life. The statements of his biographer, and the reasons he assigns for his adopting the striking course he pursued on the dangerous emergency in question, will be deemed satisfactory or the reverse, according to the grounds at which we have already glanced: and as no argument of ours could alter the verdict either way, we shall abstain from any political comment, and only observe that the author has drawn some curious materials in support of his positions from the “*Life of T. Wolfe Tone*,” as published in America, and, it seems, much mutilated, and reduced to half its original size, in its preparation for the British market. The preface concludes with the following pregnant hint.

“I have a vast mass of curious documents, which are not in these volumes— anecdotes of all the leading men connected with the United Irish Society, many of whom have to this day remained unknown as United Irishmen. I have, however, carefully abstained from nam-

ing a single individual in these memoirs who has not been already repeatedly named, and I hope I shall be enabled to continue this reserve.”

Mr. Reynolds’s early years appear to have been passed in that sort of reckless dissipation too common to the gay and lively spirit of his country; but as he married, in 1794, at the age of twenty-three, the career was not too long continued for future happiness; and at this epoch his biographer says:—

“It will be observed that, as yet, I have avoided every allusion to my father’s political career, and I have been, perhaps, too prolix in the account I have given of his private life. It is true that the subjects on which I have hitherto written do not usually afford much interest to the reader; but those details have been forced from me by a series of calumnies, which I cannot allow to remain uncontradicted. It has been said that my father was a low-born and needy adventurer; therefore I have thought it incumbent on me to shew that he was well connected, and closely related to the first families in Ireland; and that up to January 1798, he was living in ease, affluence, and respectability.”

More public affairs succeed. In 1791, the United Irish Association was formed, and soon occupied a prominent place on the canvass of Ireland’s troubles and misfortunes. Upon this subject, Wolfe Tone’s work is referred to, and the author endeavours to shew that the exterior objects and pretences proclaimed, were only meant to cover secret designs of rebellion and butchery.

“Samuel Neilson (he says), of Belfast, was particularly active. In a letter which he writes to Mr. Tone, on the 21st of November, he says,—‘You can form no conception of the rapid progress of the Union here; and I do assure you we are further forward than even I expected we should have been in a twelvemonth. The universal question throughout the country is, ‘When do we begin? Do we refuse hearth-money or tithes first?’ Indeed the people of Belfast were not idle; they spared neither pains nor expense to spread their new doctrine through the whole north of Ireland; and they had the satisfaction to see their proselytes very rapidly extending in all directions. The more effectually to spread their principles, ‘twelve of the most active and intelligent among them subscribed 250*l.* each to set on foot a paper, whose object should be to give a fair statement of all that passed in France, whither every one turned his eyes; to inculcate the necessity of union amongst Irishmen of all religious persuasions; to support the emancipation of the Catholics; and finally, as the necessary, though not avowed, consequence of all this, to erect Ireland into a republic independent of England.’”

“The Association spread to such a degree that, on its dissolution in 1798, the returns exceeded 400,000 men, a vast many of whom were perfect fanatics, ready to perform the wildest, the most atrocious act suggested in their committees, or commanded in the name of the Directory. Every man who was not a member, or who did not evince a marked bias and protection towards the members and their opinions, was considered as an enemy, and devoted as a fair object of destruction, in person and property, whenever a secure opportunity for attacking either the one or the other might be afforded. The Directory was a self-created mysterious body, whose persons, means, motions, and intentions, were alike unknown, save only so far as they thought proper to communicate them through their agent; and all orders so communicated must be implicitly

obeyed. There were five directors at its dissolution, four Protestants and one Roman Catholic. I should here observe that throughout this narrative, I mean by Protestants, to indicate all those who are not Roman Catholics, whether they be of the Church of England, or Presbyterians, or other Dissenters.

"The moment a man became a member of it he unexpectedly found himself placed under the censorship of all his associates; the slightest hesitation, opposition, or disapproval, of the orders or reports, communicated from the upper committees, was considered as treason and disaffection; keeping company or habitually associating with persons unfriendly to the Association was held to be just cause of suspicion. A man's acquaintance, his servants, his relatives, and frequently his very children, were so many spies on all his words and actions, which, if suspicious, were directly denounced in some committee. The leaders, conscious of their own criminal projects, and in constant dread of discovery, notwithstanding their precautions, promoted by every means in their power this jealous and suspicious system of espionage among the associates."

Such was the society which Mr. Reynolds joined as a colonel in 1797, in the place of Lord E. Fitzgerald, and, as his son contends, in ignorance of the secret views of the combined leaders.

"But (immediately he tells us) the list of proscription, and other matters, now for the first time laid open to my father, spoke their real intentions in a language not to be misunderstood. What was he to do? To denounce the men who had opened their secrets to him was repugnant to every feeling—to suffer matters to take their course was to make himself an accomplice in their crimes—to quit the Association was to offer himself and his family to the knife of the murderer. The provincial committee, of which he had a few moments before become a member, was to meet in Dublin the next day, the 19th of February. There was very little time for deliberation: he resolved, at all events, not to take another step with these men until he should have ascertained the truth or falsity of what he had heard. He, therefore, sent by the post, from the house he was in, an excuse to the provincial committee, addressed to Oliver Bond, for John McCann, grounded on the shortness of time, the distance, and the urgency of his own private affairs. He was fully aware that, by declining to attend so important a meeting, he was likely to be looked upon with jealousy; but it was not to be avoided. He returned to Kilken, oppressed, alarmed, unable to doubt, and fearing to credit, what had been told him; yet, when he looked around through the country, every thing confirmed the truth of it, and shewed him that disorders, which had hitherto appeared the effect of insubordination among the labouring classes, were in reality the results of a plan concerted by the leaders of the United Irish Association, of a very different complexion from any thing he had hitherto been led to believe. All tended to riot and confusion. Murders and robberies were committed night and day; few men dared to venture from their homes, and these homes were converted into fortresses; the entrances and lower windows of most houses were strongly barricaded; in short, every man, fearful of the visits of the gangs of plunderers who infested the country, put his residence in the best state of defence he could."

Attempts to assassinate him were the result of his drawing back; and he speedily communicated all he knew of the conspiracy to go-

vernment; which led to the apprehension of many persons, and the premature outbreak of the rebellion. His biographer declares that this was done without fee or reward, and that, so far from being benefited, his father was exposed to considerable loss in consequence of the part he took in these calamitous times. At page 220, however, we think there is a suspicious circumstance which would induce us to imagine that Mr. Reynolds was not without some immediate recompense.

"Government (says the author) had strong suspicions that he was privy to Lord Edward's escape and concealment; but the United Irishmen made the first attack on him. On the 16th of April, he was occupied in walling up a closet, which was made in the thickness of the wall of his common sitting-room, and which had evidently been originally intended as a secure place for depositing valuables. The entire room was newly papered, in order the better to conceal the closet, in which he had deposited his family plate, to the value of about 1000*l.*, together with 3500 guineas in gold, which had been unexpectedly paid to him a few days before, and other valuables."

His situation now became one of extreme peril. The Croppies tried to murder him; the government in the provinces (ignorant of his services in the capital) persecuted him, and he had a narrow escape from being executed by a court-martial. All around the most horrible atrocities were committed; and it makes human nature shudder to read the accounts of cruelties and barbarities perpetrated by revengeful rebels and an exasperated soldiery.

"It has (says the author) been my father's lot since then, to witness the ravages of war in the Peninsula, where Spaniards, French, Portuguese, and English, with their German auxiliaries, men trained to rapine, alternately plundered and devastated the country, but in all that disorder, of which he was an eyewitness during six years, he has frequently assured me that he never saw such coolblooded, wanton, useless destruction, as was committed by Captain Erskine and his companions at Kilkea, and over the surrounding country. It was Croppy property, and that was quite sufficient in their eyes to make destruction a virtue. My father's steward, William Byrne, was flogged and tortured to make him discover the supposed depot of arms. Lieutenant Love, of the ninth dragoons, son of the quarter-master of the same regiment, being a tall man, tied his silk sash about Byrne's neck, and hung him over his shoulders, while another officer flogged him until he became insensible. Similar acts acquired for Mr. Love the sobriquet of the 'Walking Gallows.'"

"At this period the disturbed state of the country rendered all communication difficult and precarious. Expresses were frequently waylaid, robbed, and sometimes murdered, on the roads at noon-day. The military had authority to act independently of the civil power, and courts-martial in the country towns and out-quarters, executed their sentences in a most summary manner, without appeal to Dublin. Men were frequently arrested, tried, and executed, by these military tribunals within the space of two or three hours. In many places they were permanently sitting, and though perhaps composed of very honourable men, yet assuredly they knew nothing of law, and having very rarely the assistance of a judge-advocate, too frequently decided according to the excitement of the moment. The speed with which their decrees were executed unfortunately prevented revision. Stationed

throughout the country to prevent disorder, they were in perpetual war with the inhabitants; and thus, their passions in a continual state of excitement, they could not be very impartial judges.

"Skirmishes took place also at Rathfarnham, Tallagh, Lucan, Lusk, Dunboyne, Barretstown, Collon, Baltinglass, Dunlavin, Kildare, Rathangan, Kilcock, and Oviestown. In all these engagements the rebels were defeated with considerable loss, except those of Dunboyne and Barretstown. The attack on Prosperous was marked by an act of the most infamous treachery. Doctor John Esmond was a Roman Catholic physician and accoucheur, a man of good fortune and of high family connexion, and a lieutenant in Mr. Griffiths's troop of yeoman cavalry, then stationed at Clane. Not far from his residence was the small town of Prosperous, where a considerable cotton manufactory was established. It was occupied by twenty-eight of the Cork militia, and nine of a regiment of Welsh cavalry, called the Ancient Britons, the whole commanded by Lieutenant Swaine. Esmond was on an intimate footing with Lieutenant Swaine, who frequently dined at his house, from which circumstance, combined with his rank in society, his situation of lieutenant of yeomanry, and his profession, which obliged him to be out at all hours of the night, he found no difficulty in obtaining the password from Swaine, who dined with him on the 23d of May. Thus provided, at one o'clock in the morning of the 24th, at the head of a large body of rebels, he surprised his friend, and burned him and all his men in their quarters. He then seized two gentlemen, residents of the town, a Mr. Stamer and a Mr. Brewer, and an old man who had been a serjeant in the line; these he murdered with deliberate cruelty, and mangled their bodies in a horrid manner. His further proceedings were stopped by the approach of a body of troops, on which he fled from the place and his followers dispersed."

And this is civil war. God forbid that the threatening clouds of our day should ever break into so dreadful a storm!

We have no heart to pursue the details. The second volume is full of repetitions, and there is a severe examination of Moore's "Life of Lord E. Fitzgerald," some of the particulars in which the author vigorously impugns. He shews, we think, that Mr. Reynolds could not have done some of the acts imputed to him in regard to that unhappy nobleman. Besides Mr. Moore, the author runs a tilt at Colonel Palmer, Mr. Perry, &c. &c., with which we will not meddle.

At the close of his life, Mr. Reynolds became religious; and in the spirit of that conciliation we beg to conclude this notice. Unable ourselves to determine what is strictly true, what may be coloured, and what may be erroneous, we shall only add, that the analogy between Ireland in 1798 and Ireland in 1839, renders the work, in our eyes, a very important one, whatever may be its imperfections and errors.

*Poems: The Maid of Jaen; Timon; and The Bride of Palencia.* By Frank Hall Standish, Esq. 8vo. pp. 205. London, 1838. Black and Armstrong.

THERE is much beautiful description in these poems,—scenes in sunny Spain, where the heart ripens like the grape, and the passions race headlong like the mountain-torrents. The author has seen what he describes, and brought a good judgment to bear upon the arrangement of his subjects, breaking and dividing them



into a thousand pleasing and picturesque forms. Here and there, however, the subjects want a little more depth, the energies are not always forcible enough for the actions; the passions tear along, but the features are not sufficiently lighted up, the thoughts do not cut deep enough into the heart. Still many of the scenes are so skilfully portrayed, that to read the pages is like gazing upon a picture; you have the group before you—the scenery all properly arranged—wherever you turn your eye there is something either pleasing or terrible, a rugged and overhanging cliff, a winding and narrow defile, plains on which the sunshine sleeps, and over these move bandits or vine-gatherers, peasants or soldiers, all in harmony with the landscape. We give the following brief extract, as a specimen of the author's descriptive powers:—

"The golden sun at eve had set,  
And busy groups in converse met:  
Through Jaen's walks the young and gay,  
Saunter'd or talk'd their hours away.  
The moon appear'd with cheerful light,  
And radiant stars were clear and bright;  
The evening breeze had newly sent  
Its zephyrs 'cross the firmament;  
Now tightened cords of the guitar  
In merry measures sound from far;  
The hum of voices on the ear,  
Is whirling spread by those more near;  
Some counting tales of absent friends,  
Others, what fruitful fancy lends.  
With awkward sighs and stiff restraint,  
Some lovers murmur forth their plaint;  
Others more happy in their choice  
Are wooing with a cheerful voice;  
Beggars solicit at each chair,  
And crave what charity may spare;  
While boys with kindled torch invoke  
Benevolence from those who smoke;  
In carriage gay some drive abroad  
And view, but mix not with the crowd.  
  
At little distance from the throng  
A grave procession moves along;  
Roses and orange-flowers display'd,  
Bedeck the brow of every maid;  
Clergy in holy garbs appear,  
And well-dress'd ciders close the rear;  
Voices of youth at times are heard  
With quick conceit and merry word.  
Lawyers and magistrates are there,  
The soldier too, with lip of hair;  
A wedding clearly all denotes;  
The kerchief white as banner floats;  
A church appears in distance gray;  
But shining from the taper's ray."

*Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie.* By C. F. Hoffman, Esq. author of "A Winter in the Far West." 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Bentley.

INASMUCH as these are peculiarly American descriptions, drawn from nature, and not copies of European antecedents, we are much pleased with them. Inasmuch as they place before our eyes in a lively manner scenes and characters which are new to us, we like them. And inasmuch as they preserve some curious legends and traditions of the red men, we are greatly interested in them. Altogether they form a very clever and agreeable miscellany.

Their *locale* embraces three different parts of the country: 1st, the sources of the Hudson in the state of New York; 2d, the banks of the Wisconsin; and 3d, on the Sacandaga, among the hunting-grounds of the Mohawks.

Though the latter are the most wild and romantic stories, we are not sure that we do not prefer those which relate to the upper streams of the Hudson; and at any rate we will commence our notice with these because they describe scenes which we had no idea existed so near the capital, and sea-board of one of the oldest settled states, and because we think we have read some of the others in previous publications.

It is rather an odd coincidence that, having devoted our last week's page to Mr. Scrope's

striking delineations of deer-stalking in the "Land of the Mountain and the Flood," we should so immediately be attracted to Mr. Hoffman's well-drawn pictures of "still-hunting" (an excellent name for the cautious and stealthy sport) in the new world.

"The Hudson is formed by three mountain-torrents which unite within a few miles of their birthplace. The source of the highest fork is proved by observation to be 4700 feet above tide-water. It rises in an open mountain-meadow, with two adjacent mountains swelling in easy slopes from its sides. There is a still larger fountain-head west of this, in the same vicinity, rising in a singular gorge called 'The Indian Pass:' while the northernmost source is in Lake Colden, or rather in Avalanche Lake; a small mountain tarn separated from the former by heavy earth-slides from the adjacent mountain summits, whose granite rocks glitter where the soil and trees have been swept down their denuded sides. The elevation of these two lakes, which have a fall of eighty feet between them, is between 2900 and 3000 feet above the ocean; being, undoubtedly, the highest lakes in the United States of America."

His other author made an excursion, and aptly enough tells us that it is "an unfinished country."

"There are lakes on the tops of mountains, and swamps among wildernesses of rocks, which are yet to be drained by other means than the thick exhalations which carry them into the atmosphere, or the dripping mosses through which they ooze into the valleys, where day by day the new soil for future use accumulates. Had our New York Indians, who now find it so difficult to hold on to their level and fertile lands in the western part of the state, but 'located' their reservations among these mountains, they might have escaped the cupidity of the whites for centuries yet to come, and have hunted the deer, the moose, and the bear, or trapped for the martin, the sable, and the ermine, all of which still abound here, without molestation, save from the occasional white hunter that might intrude upon their grounds when chasing the wolf or panther from the settled regions, to the east and west of them. There are settlements upon some of these lakes, which were commenced more than thirty years since, and which can now boast of but two or three families as residents, and these are isolated from the rest of the world, with twenty miles of unbroken forest between them and more prosperous hamlets. But the immense beds of iron-ore and other minerals recently discovered, with the increased demand for timber in our Atlantic cities, and of charcoal to work the mines here, must now bring the country into general notice, and hasten its settlement. The demolition of the pine forests, and the conversion of less valuable wood into charcoal, will rapidly clear the country, and convert the lumber-men and charcoal-burners into farmers; while the old race of hunters already begin to find a new employment in acting as guides to the owners of lands, and projecting roads for them through districts where an ordinary surveyor could hardly be paid for the exercise of his profession. One of these hunters, a sturdy original, by the name of Harvey Holt, a redoubtable hunter and celebrated axe-man, has already marked out a road for some of the large landed proprietors through the very heart of the region. He is said to have run his lines with the skill and accuracy of an accomplished engineer; and, before another year elapses, the road will probably be opened. Other foresters, again, finding their ancient

haunts thus invaded by the pioneers of improvement, have fled to wilds beyond the Wisconsin; and a friend who hunted lately upon a tract a little to the north-west of this, in Hamilton county, told me that he heard a veteran hunter of seventy complaining bitterly that he was too old to move, now that the settlers had pushed within thirty miles of him. It seems strange to find so wild a district in 'one of the old thirteens,' the 'empire state of New York.'"

Fishing and shooting here, under the auspices of John Cheney, a remarkable denizen of these almost pathless forests, our author vividly relates his adventures. For example, "camping out:—"

"'It ain't so bad a place for camping out,' said John Cheney, as he rose from slaking his thirst at a feeble rill which trickled from beneath the roots of a rifted cedar over which he leaned — 'it ain't so bad a place to camp, if it didn't rain so like all natur. I wouldn't mind the rain much, nother, if we had a good shantee; but you see the birch bark won't run at this season, and it's pretty hard to make a water-proof thatch, unless you have hemlock boughs — hows'ever, gentlemen, I'll do the best by ye.' And so he did! Honest John Cheney, thou art at once as stanch a hunter, and as true and gentle a practiser of woodcraft, as ever roamed the broad forest; and beshrew me when I forget thy services that night in the Indian Pass. The frame of a wigwam used by some former party was still standing, and Cheney went to work industriously tying poles across it with withes of yellow birch, and thatching the roof and sides with boughs of balsam-fir. Having but one axe with us, my friend and myself were, in the mean time, unemployed, and nothing could be more disconsolate than our situation, as we stood dripping in the cold rain, and threshing our arms, like hackney-coachmen, to keep the blood in circulation. My hardy friend, indeed, was in a much worse condition than myself. He had been indisposed when he started upon the expedition, and was now so hoarse that I could scarcely hear him speak amid the gusts of wind which swept through the ravine. We both shivered as if in an ague, but he suffered under a fever which was soon superadded. We made repeated attempts to strike a fire, but our 'loco foco' matches would not ignite; and when we had recourse to flint and steel, every thing was so damp around us that our fire would not kindle. John began to look exceedingly anxious: — 'Now, if we only had a little daylight left, I would make some shackleberry-tea for you; but it will never do to get sick here, for if this storm prove a north-easter, God only knows whether all of us may ever get away from this notch again. I guess I had better leave the camp as it is, and first make a fire for you.' Saying this, Cheney shouldered his axe, and, striking off a few yards, he felled a dead tree, split it open, and took some dry chips from the heart. I then spread my cloak over the spot where he laid them to keep off the rain, and, stooping under it, he soon kindled a blaze, which we employed ourselves in feeding until the 'camp' was completed. And now came the task of laying in a supply of fuel for the night. This the woodman effected by himself with an expedition that was marvellous. Measuring three or four trees with his eye, to see that they would fall near the fire without touching our wigwam, he attacked them with his axe, felled, and chopped them into logs, and made his wood-pile in less time than could a city sawyer, who had all his timber

carted to hand. Blankets were then produced from a pack which he had carried on his back; and these, when stretched over a carpeting of leaves and branches, would have made a comfortable bed, if the latter had not been saturated with rain. Matters, however, seemed to assume a comfortable aspect, as we now sat under the shade of boughs, drying our clothes by the fire; while John busied himself in broiling some bacon which we had brought with us. But our troubles had only yet begun."

We have not space to go through the night's endurances, but patience and the huntsman's ingenuity vanquished and wore through them all; and Mr. H. says:—

"The last words I heard John utter, as he coiled himself in a blanket, were—'Well, it's one comfort, since it's taken on to blow so, I've cut down most of the trees around us that would be likely to fall and crush us during the night.'"

Among the sports, "*crusting*" is one of the most prevalent modes of capturing or destroying animals.

"*Crusting*' is the term applied to taking large game amid the deep snows of winter, when the crust of ice which forms upon the surface after a slight rain is strong enough to support the weight of a man, but gives way at once to the hoofs of a moose or a deer; while the animal, thus embarrassed, is easily caught and despatched with clubs. In our northern states, more game is destroyed in this way than in any other; and you may read in the newspapers every winter some account of the inhabitants of a whole village turning out and butchering hundreds of deer when thus entrapped. Only a few years since, it was said that more than a thousand were so destroyed in the township of Catskill in one season. All true sportsmen, however, hold '*crusting* deer' in contempt and abhorrence—for the venison is generally not in season at the time of year when it is thus procured; and this mode of taking it belongs rather to the butcher than to the hunter. *Crusting* moose is rather a different thing, as it requires both skill and courage on the part of the hunter, and the animal has a chance, at least, of escape or resistance. Still, as the law will not, or cannot, protect this noblest of all forest game from destruction in this manner, it must, at no distant day, become extinct within the boundaries of New York. The broad west has no moose-ground so celebrated as that in our northern counties, and when you leave the sources of the Hudson, you must travel westward to those of the Mississippi before you find the gigantic moose as numerous as they were in our forests but a few years since. The woods of Maine, however, are probably richer in this noble game than any within the United States' territories. The moose, who is both more shy and more sagacious than the deer, has his favourite haunts in the depths of the forest. He moves about, not like the elk, in roving gangs, but stalks in lonely majesty through his leafy domains; and, when disturbed by the hunter, instead of bounding away like his kinsman of the forest and the prairie, he trots off at a gait which, though faster than that of the fleetest horse, is so easy and careless in its motion, that it seems to cost him no exertion. But though retreating thus when pursued, he is one of the most terrible beasts of the forest when wounded and at bay; and the Indians of the north-west, among some tribes, celebrate the death of a bull-moose, when they are so fortunate as to kill one, with all the songs of triumph that they would raise over a conquered warrior. The deepest snows of winter, of course, offer

the best occasion for moose-hunting. The sagacious animal, so soon as a heavy storm sets in, commences forming what is called a '*moose-yard*,' which is a large area, wherein he industriously tramples down the snow while it is falling, so as to have a place to move about in, and browse upon the branches of trees, without the necessity of wandering from place to place, struggling through the deep drifts, exposed to the wolves, who, being of lighter make, hold a carnival upon the deer in *crusting*-time. No wolf, however, dare enter a moose-yard. He will troop round and round upon the snow bank which walls it, and his howling will, perhaps, bring two or three of his brethren to the spot, who will try to terrify the moose from his '*vantage* ground, but dare not descend into it. But, when the hunter, prowling about on his snow-shoes, discovers a moose-yard, he feels so sure of his quarry, that he will sometimes encamp upon the spot, in order to take the game at his leisure; and, when there have been several hunters in company, I have heard of their proceeding patiently to fell the neighbouring trees, and form a lofty fence around the yard, which enabled them to take the animal alive, when subdued by long confinement and starvation. An opportunity of doing this occurred near M'Intyre last winter, when a yard, with three moose in it, an old cow-moose and two yearlings, was discovered and surrounded by a band of hunters. Some of the party were desirous of taking them alive, as one of the proprietors of this extensive property—a gentleman of great public spirit—wishes to make an attempt to domesticate the animal, and, if possible, introduce the use of it to agricultural purposes. This is an exceedingly interesting and hardly doubtful experiment, for the moose has been frequently tamed, and, unlike the common deer, can be halter-broken as easily as a horse. The hunters, however, were too excited with their good luck, to listen to any suggestion of the kind—few of them had ever killed a moose. Their rifles were in their hands, and they were bent at having a shot at the game, which dashed to and fro, snorting and whistling, within the snowy bounds of the yard. The whoops and shouts of their enemies, redoubled by the echoes from the adjacent mountains, made them furious at being thus beset; and, at each discharge of a gun, they would plunge at the assailing marksman so desperately, that he would be compelled to take refuge behind the nearest tree. The scene became thus so exciting, that all order was lost among the huntsmen. Each fired as fast as he could load, hardly waiting to take aim, lest some quicker-sighted comrade should bear off the prize. The moose, though repeatedly wounded, would charge again and again into the snow-banks around them, and drive their enemies from the brink, retiring, at each turn, to a corner of the yard where they were least molested, and there rally at once for another charge. Faint with the loss of blood, however, they were successively discomfited and borne down by the hunters, who, retreating upon the crust when pursued, would turn upon the moose the moment they tried to retrace their steps, and assail them with axes and bludgeons while floundering in the snow to recover the vantage ground of the yard. The two yearlings, with their dam, after making a most gallant resistance, were ultimately despatched."

"*Withing*" deer is another method of circumvention, and consists in throwing a natural lasso, made of sapling birch, over the animal when swimming, or, perhaps, in the woods. We select a portion of the account of this prac-

tice as a specimen of the writer's power in describing scenery.

"Running the canoe under the trees, whose morning shadows still hung over the lake, we stretched ourselves upon the grass, listening and looking with the most eager attention for the first intimation of approaching sport. There was a slight ripple upon the lake, which was not favourable to our seeing the deer should he take the water at any great distance from us; and the incessant call of the jay, with the ever-changing cry of the loon, created so many noises in the woods, generally so still, that the opening of the hounds might have escaped us unheard. These early sounds, however, soon ceased as the sun came marching up above the mountain tops, and spread the silver waves from the centre of the lake far and wide, into all its sheltered bays and wood-embowered friths. The faint ripple of the waters upon the rocky shore was the only murmur left. My companions were conversing in a subdued voice, and I was lying a little apart from them revelling in the singular beauty of the scene, and trying to fix in my memory the peculiar outline of a ridge of mountains opposite, when I heard the faint crashing of a bough upon the other side of the lake, and running my eye along the water, discovered a noble buck, with fine antlers, swimming beneath the bank. My comrades caught sight of him a moment afterwards, and we all waited with eager anxiety to see him put out far enough for us to row round him, and cut him off from the shore. But the buck had evidently no idea of making a traverse of the lake at this time. He was far in advance of the hounds, and had taken the water at this place, not from being hotly pursued, but only to throw them off the scent, and then double on his own track. He therefore, kept swimming along the shore, close under the steep bank, looking up at it every now and then, as if in search of a '*runway*' which would carry him back again into the depths of the forest."

The ensuing hunt is capitally painted with true sportsman's fervour:—

"The buck, after crossing at the inlet, made a circuit of several miles, and before we could pull half way down the lake, took the water at a runway opposite to the islet, behind which Catlin was watching in his skiff. Cool and experienced in the sport, this hunter never broke his cover until the deer got fairly out into the lake, when he launched out and turned him so quickly, that the buck made for the island which his pursuer had just left. Linus, however, was too quick for him, and threw his withe over the deer's antlers before he could touch the bottom with his feet. But the buck was a fellow of great weight and vigour, and feeling himself thus entangled, he made a lateral spring into deeper water, which dragged the hunter out of the boat in an instant. Linus fortunately seized one of the oars, which, being rigged with swivels instead of rowlocks, still kept him connected with the skiff. But his situation was a precarious one; the buck becoming the assailant, struck at him with his forefeet, and got him again fairly under water. He rose this time however, with the oar between himself and his antagonist, and while clutching the gunwale of the boat with one hand, seized the withe which had escaped from his grasp, in the same moment that the buck made a pass at him with his horns, which ripped up the bosom of his shirt, and was within an inch of goring him to death. But before the desperate animal could repeat the thrust, the hunter had gained the skiff, now half full of water, and seizing the first missile that came to hand, he dealt the buck a



blow upon the head, which, followed up by a slash from his hunting-knife, put an end to the encounter.

"A group worthy of Inman's pencil was collected around the roaring fire, by which the dripping Catlin was drying himself; while Cheney, with the fat buck before him, and the dogs licking the blood at his feet, as ever and anon he paused in his operation, and turned round to us, to point out some graceful line of fat with his hunting-knife, would have formed the prominent features of the picture. The potatoes, in the meantime, were roasted whole, or sliced up with various savoury matters, which were put into the kettle to boil; and though we had omitted to bring tumblers with us, Cheney's axe hollowed out and fashioned some most ingenious drinking-cups, which were ready by the time divers choice morsels of venison had been grilled upon the coals. There were a few drops at the bottom of an old flask of cognac for each of us; we had Mackinaw-blankets, stretched upon balsam branches, to recline upon; there was no call of duty or business to remind us of the lapse of hours; and stories and anecdotes of former huntings in these mountains, with practical discussions as to what part of a deer afforded the most savoury venison, prolonged the repast till sunset."

Cheney's adieu to his companions is worthy of their association (see page 121), but we also must say good-by to the Hudson; and make an extract from another quarter, though we have to wait a week for it.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Entomologist's Text-Book.* By J. O. Westwood, F.L.S., Secretary to the Entomological Society of London. 12mo. pp. 432. Orr and Co.

MR. WESTWOOD'S position, and all his previous writings, declare him to be so intimately conversant with this subject, that we need only announce this Text-Book to the lovers of the science, in order to secure their attention to so valuable a guide. A mass of the contents originally attracted much notice and praise in "The British Cyclopædia of Natural History," but Mr. Westwood has rearranged, recast, and added, to these papers, so much as greatly to increase their usefulness, and fit them for their present popular purpose.

*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia; No. CIX.: Natural History; Fishes, Amphibians and Reptiles.* By W. Swainson, Esq., F.R. and F.L.S., &c. Pp. 368. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

MR. SWAINSON'S system of classification is prominently brought forward in this volume, which is prefaced by an able essay on the nature and relations of Monocardian animals, and particularly of fishes. The analogies between fish and other classes of animals are very remarkable, and Mr. S. exhibits them in a most interesting manner. Towards the close of the volume we find much recent matter elucidated from the latest discoveries, both in living nature and in geological specimens.

*No. CX.: History: Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.* By S. A. Dunham, author of the "History of Spain and Portugal." Same Publishers.

THIS volume enters with great spirit into the most ancient legendary lore of Scandinavia; and when we reflect how intimately it is connected with our own, we need hardly point out the interest attached to matters so entirely in common with our northern ancestors. It is a

book of wild tales, rather than a history; but these tales are at the foundation of history.

*The Life and Times of the late Countess of Huntingdon.* Part I. 8vo. (London, Simpkin and Co.)—With a portrait of this strange old lady, to be finished in eight Parts, and give a minute account of the origin of the great dissenting sect of which she was the head and founder.

*Byron and the Abbey.* by H. Austen Driver, author of "Harold de Burun." &c. Pp. 34. (London, Longman and Co.)—A brochure in which the author warmly contends for the admission into Westminster Abbey of Thorwaldsen's sepulchral statue of Lord Byron.

*Scenes at Home and Abroad.* by Herbert Byng Hall, author of "Spain and the War in Spain," &c. Pp. 292. (London, Saunders and Otley.)—Some of these tales having already been favourably received as they appeared in the periodicals of the day, the author has completed a pleasant volume of them, with which readers will be equally gratified.

*Gleanings from Germany.* by James D. Haas. Pp. 309. (London, Hodson; D. Nutt.)—A good collection from eminent German writers, and some of them not much known in England. The translation abounds with idioms of the original language; which, however, imparts a sort of quaintness to the style that is rather amusing than otherwise.

*Holiday House: a Series of Tales,* by Catherine Sinclair, &c. Pp. 387. (Edinburgh, W. Whyte and Co.; London, Longman and Co.; Dublin, Curry and Co.)—The authoress of several successful publications for juvenile readers, has here added to the list another clever performance, in which, advocating the value of the imagination as well as of the mechanical and useful faculties, she tells stories fit for youth before boys and girls were treated and educated, as if they had all old heads on their young shoulders.

*Lectures on English Poetry, &c.* by Henry Neele. Pp. 329. (London, Thomas Tegg; Simpkin and Co.)—It speaks well for the public taste, that this tasteful little volume should have come to a third edition. Mr. Neele's observations are generally very just, and, if not profound, with a true feeling for poetry.

*Stephen's History of Australia, &c.* (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—A second edition, indicating the importance attached to this country as a region for colonisation. Mr. S. is a strenuous asserter of its superiority over every other land.

*Philoge's Cosmopolitan, Political, and Statistical Review.* Parts I, II, III, and IV. (London, Wilson), is acknowledged.

*Dublin Medical Press, No. I.*—Dublin appears to be pressing earnestly forward in the establishment of a great medical school. Independently of the able journals already emanating from its press, the present publication, in a weekly form, seems well calculated for the popular diffusion of information in medicine and all the studies connected with that important branch of science.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

JANUARY 14. Mr. W. R. Hamilton, president, in the chair.—Read extracts from the following papers:—1. 'Notice of a few simple Observations which it is desirable to make on the frozen Soil of British North America. Communicated by Dr. Richardson, R.N. F.R.S.' Travellers into the arctic regions of Asia and America have mentioned, that the sub-soil of certain districts is permanently frozen; and Gmelin long ago declared, that, in Siberia, the thickness of the frozen earth was upwards of one hundred feet; but these statements were either overlooked or disbelieved until very recently, when Professor Baer of St. Petersburg, and Mr. Erman of Berlin, transmitted to the Geographical Society of London some account of the sinking of a well at Yakutsk, to the depth of three hundred and eighty-two feet in the frozen ground. The inquiry is to be prosecuted still further in Siberia, and Professor Baer suggests, that it would be desirable to collect information from the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, as to the extent of the layer of frozen ground in North America, the thickness it attains in different parallels of latitude, and how much of it disappears towards the latter end of summer; and the council of the Geographical Society, desirous of promoting so important an inquiry in the department of physical geography, have caused instructions to be drawn up and printed for the guidance of the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, who may be desirous of contributing to the advancement of science by their observations.

—2. A letter from Mr. Consul Brant, at Erzurum, dated 14th Nov. 1838, stating, that he had just returned from a journey in Armenia and Kurdistan; during which he had ascended the mountain of Supan Dagh, rising, to the north of Lake Van, about 10,000 feet above the sea, travelled along the western shore of Lake Van, visited Bitlis and Sert, thence retraced to the foot of Ararat, he had traced the valley of the Murad Chai, or eastern branch of the Euphrates, from its source, near Diyadin to Kharput, a distance of about 300 miles; he had also obtained a survey of the river as far as Samosat. He concluded by saying that the tranquillity now introduced into Kurdistan, by the reduction of the rebel chiefs, will enable travellers to visit every part. The Bey of Hekeriye is obedient to the Pasha of Van; and Julamerik, in the heart of the mountain fastnesses, may now easily be reached.

—3. A letter from Col. Michell, surveyor-general at the Cape of Good Hope, communicated by A. Borradaile, Esq., and earnestly recommending the erection of a lighthouse at Cape das Agulhas, to save us in future from such catastrophes as the loss of the Arniston, Doncaster, Northumberland, and so many other valuable vessels. The Hon. Michael Van Breda, on whose property the ground in question stands, had most generously authorised the writer to state that he will be happy to contribute towards a work so loudly called for by suffering humanity, by giving, in perpetuity, as much ground as may be requisite for a lighthouse, with right of access to the same. The expense is estimated at between 1700*l.* and 1800*l.*; and the yearly cost of lighting, salary, and occasional repairs, at from 230*l.* to 240*l.*—4. From Mr. G. W. Earl, on board H.M.S. Alligator, dated Sydney, Aug. 21, 1838:—On the passage out from England, the vessel had touched at Adelaide, on the south coast of Australia; and Mr. Earl gives a very favourable report of the rapid progress of that colony, but he was more particularly struck with the docility of the natives. In consequence of good treatment on the part of the settlers, the aborigines have abandoned their former wandering habits, and have literally become "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the whole population, depending for their subsistence on the bread and other provisions furnished them, in payment for the labour they perform. In features, these aborigines are remarkable for an extraordinary projection of the brow immediately above the eyes, unlike any the writer had seen either on the east or west coast. Mr. Earl also sends a short vocabulary of their language, which differs entirely from that spoken in the other known parts of the country; it abounds in vowels, and is very soft to the ear. Among many other topics mentioned in his letter, Mr. Earl strongly recommends a small dépôt for provisions, to be immediately established at the point of junction of the rivers Murray and Darling, which would greatly facilitate the communication between Sydney and Adelaide, prove of much mutual benefit, and no doubt soon become a town of much importance.—5. An account of the ascent of Mount William, the highest point in the range of mountains which form the chief physical feature in the south-eastern angle of Australia, by Dr. Lhotsky. This paper was illustrated with various views of scenery, taken in the Warragong Mountains (misnamed Australian Alps, on our maps), and of the remarkable botanical productions of that little known region. Dr. Lhotsky states that the temperature of boiling water, on the summit, was 196° Fahr., indicating an elevation of

about 8400 feet above the level of the sea. The president called the attention of the meeting to the chief donation of the evening, a copy of Mr. Murchison's geographical as well as geological work, "The Silurian System," in two large volumes, with a beautiful map engraved by Mr. Gardner. Having observed that certain border-counties of England and Wales, the Siluria of Caractacus, contained clear evidences of a succession of some of the most ancient strata in which organic remains occur, Mr. Murchison has devoted the last seven years in preparing this work, which is intended to shew that the Silurian region may serve as the type of a normal group of hitherto unclassified deposits, which there rise to the surface in successive ridges, and connect the coal formations and other overlying strata with the older slaty rocks. In pursuing this object, Mr. Murchison coloured, geologically, the strata of the Ordnance Survey of eleven counties, of which the large map now presented to the public is an exact reduction, and in which minute details are combined with new views of general classification throughout the country, extending from the southern limits of Cheshire to the extremity of Pembrokeshire. The first volume of this work, embracing descriptive geology and physical geography, includes a full survey of the operations by which the surface of this part of Britain has passed from a submarine condition into dry land, and explains how the present drainage has been effected; each subject being illustrated with woodcuts and coloured sections. In it, the owners of the soil will also find a clear account of the tracts wherein coal may be advantageously sought for, as well as emphatic warnings against the repetition of many trials which have been made to find it amid Silurian rocks. The second volume describes the organic remains of these ancient strata, nearly four hundred species of which are represented in spirited etchings, and highly wrought lithographs.

#### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. FORSTER in the chair.—A male spadix of the *Eucephalartos horridus* (Zamia horrida, of authors), which had flowered at Kimmel Park, the seat of Lord Dinorben, was sent for exhibition to the meeting, by command of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex. The plant had been sent to Lord Dinorben from the Cape of Good Hope, about six years ago, by Lord John Spencer Churchill. The spadix was of unusual size, and bore a strong resemblance to a gigantic pine cone.—Read, 'An Account of the Indian Species of *Juncus* and *Lusula*,' by Professor Don, Libr. L. S. Eight species were described, of which seven belong to *Juncus* and one to *Lusula*. They are all from Northern India, and were collected by Dr. Royle in the Himalaya range, between the Ganges and Jumna, or in Kunawur, a country situated beyond that chain of mountains. Of the seven species of *Juncus*, four are entirely new, and two are common European species, namely, *Juncus glaucus* and *buforinus*. The *Lusula* is *spicata*, which occurs on the mountains of Scotland, Wales, and throughout Europe, extending as far as the extremity of Lapland; and being also found in Greenland and Northern Asia. Among the donations was a copy of Mr. Murchison's splendid new work on the "Silurian System of Geology."

#### ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, 15th Jan.—Read 'An Examination of the two Theories of Homogeneous Attraction, and Repulsion of the Particles of the Electric

Fluid,' by Mr. Pollock. Each hypothesis has been supported by such powerful arguments and facts, that both are entitled to fair and candid examination. The advocates of repulsion believe that the particles of the electric fluid are essentially self-repulsive, and only attractive when in motion. In opposition to this, it is asked, If a repulsive force alone existed in the electric fluid, why should two parallel currents attract each other? Why should not this assumed repulsive force carry them from each other in all directions, instead of towards each other? Why should the fluid be confined, by non-conductors, to the surface of bodies, as by the air? Why not radiate in all directions from that surface? The supporters of attraction, asking such questions, consider the electric fluid to be more like a liquid than a gas, nearly incompressible, not elastic, and, therefore, not self-repulsive among its particles, and object to electric atmospheres. The recent researches of Faraday are strongly favourable to these latter views. If the repulsive force alone determined the properties of the electric fluid, why should decomposition be an almost necessary accompaniment of its conduction through compound bodies, as water? Why also, in that case, should induction through a dielectric take place by the action of contiguous particles alone? Would not the self-repulsive force of the electric fluid produce electric action, independently of the decomposition and the contact of contiguous particles? Would it not rather pass through their interstices, where the resistance might be less? Such, however, does not appear to be the case. Mr. Pollock in a former paper (*Lit. Gaz.* 1112) shewed, from the action of light upon charcoal, that a change in the arrangement of the particles of charcoal, similar to decomposition, as in Faraday's experiments upon compounds, and a recombination, must occur during the passage of the electric fluid through it. That charcoal, therefore, was a conductor; whilst diamond, which is said to be, chemically, the same body, not undergoing the change, is a non-conductor. If the electric phenomena were dependent upon the self-repulsive action of its particles, why should they not pass through the interstices of the particles of the diamond in the same way as they pass through charcoal? But this difference of the electric properties of the diamond and charcoal has more to do with a difference in their atomic arrangement, than with the self-repulsive force of the electric fluid. Mr. Pollock believes, that the theory of "attraction" is most applicable to the explanation of electrical phenomena, if electricity be considered an isolated science, perfectly distinct from that of heat, light, &c. But, he says, it becomes a question whether the science can be best advanced by a strict adherence to those laws which custom has sanctioned as the only electrical ones; or by enlarging those laws, so as to include the phenomena which constitute links between the kindred sciences of electricity, heat, and light, and may be said to belong to either indifferently? The electricity of a thunder-cloud gives no evidence of either heat or light; but when it passes to the earth, as a thunderbolt, it gives evidence of both, which are as strictly electrical phenomena as any other can be, being dependent upon the transfer of the electric fluid. Taking the enlarged view, Mr. Pollock thinks no one will dispute that a repulsive force is more characteristic of the phenomena of heat and light, generated from an electric source, than an attractive force; and, in accordance with this view, he believes the "theory of repulsion" to

be the better founded. The mode he recommends, as most likely to clear up these difficulties retarding the progress of electrical science, is to examine the latent heat of bodies, and to trace out its changes occurring during the change of form in bodies: because, it appears that the latent heat of bodies, and their electric fluids, are synonymous. And he thus concludes, if this course were followed up, the apparent anomalies attending the opposing theories of attraction and repulsion, would vanish. The supposed jarring separate fluids of heat, light, electricity, and magnetism, would be put to flight, their apparent inconsistencies cleared away, and one beautiful cause for all natural phenomena be shewn.—Read, also, a communication from Mr. Mackrell, detailing experiments made by himself and Mr. Pollock, with reference to the interference in voltaic batteries, when arranged in series. They consider they have traced a regular progression, and have proposed a formula. Into the details, our space will not permit us to enter.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

OWING to an accident last week, the second page of transcript paper on which the report of the Geological Society should have been written was a blank, and we were compelled to omit Dr. Harlan's notice on the vertebrae of *basilosaurus* (one), found in the marly banks of the Washeta River, Arkansas, and others, in hard limestone, in Alabama. In the latter, a fossil corbula, common to the tertiary deposits of the country, was found, as well as *Nautili*, *Scutella*, and *Modiola*, of extinct and new species. Dr. Harlan is of opinion that the teeth, &c., belong to a marine carnivorous animal; but the fossil bone to a saurian reptile, upon which he had bestowed the above name. Dr. H. also offered some remarks on a fossil discovered, some years ago, near the banks of the Yellowstone River, Missouri, imbedded in hard blue limestone; which he considered to belong to the batrachian order, and to which he proposed to give the name of *Batrachiosaurus Missouriensis*.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

We have been requested to correct an error (copied into our paper of the 22d ult.) in printing the subjects issued by the Vice-Chancellor for this year's Epigrams. They are as follow:—

For the Latin Epigram, Οὐχ ἰλυστοῦν γίνεταί τὸ σῆματα.

For the Greek Epigram, Φωῶνται συντοῖσι.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

#### HIMYARITIC LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR, — I have read with attention and interest your report of Lieut. Wellsted's letter to the Royal Asiatic Society, 'On the Identity of the Himyaritic Writing and Dialect of Job with that still spoken by the Inhabitants of Mahrah.'

I would, however, submit, with all deference to other authorities, that our information must be far more clear and accurate on this subject, than it now is, before we can venture to support such an opinion.

A circumstance like this would be totally contrary to experience, both in ancient and modern times. Thus we find the language of the Jews, after the seventy years of the Babylonish captivity, suffered a material change, in consequence of the introduction of Chaldean methods of inflection and expression. Those nations which appear to have retained their original language unchanged for any considerable period, are either such as, from their pecu-

liar situation, have had but little intercourse with the rest of the world, or those whose country has presented obstacles of such a nature as to be absolutely insurmountable by invading tribes.

With respect to the inscription, I am of opinion it bears a closer resemblance to the Samaritan than to the Ethiopic character; but a greater variety of specimens, copied with the strictest fidelity, and then compared with inscriptions on Samaritan coins, must be afforded before we could determine it. Morinus says—*"Antiquas literas Hebraicas easdem fuisse cum Samaritanis ex siclis seu numismatis constat, quæ ex rudibus Hierosolymitanis effossa, characteres Samaritano pleraque percussa sunt, ex quibus literam tau crucis figuram olim representasse, literasque hodiernas Samaritanas ab antiquis parum differre colligitur."*

Now this identical tau occurs twice in the inscription given by Lieut. Wellsted in your journal, and the Ethiopic tau bears no resemblance to it. Numerous inscriptions will, no doubt, be found by future travellers in these regions. The practice was very prevalent in the earliest times, and is verified in the pillar of Seth, and in that sublime passage in the Book of Job, where, in reference to the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," the patriarch says—

כֶּסֶם-בְּרִית וְעֶפְרַת לֵדָה בְּצֶהַר יִחְבֶּזֶן  
Which might be rendered thus—*"Let them be cut (i. e. the words) in the rock (or hewn stone) with a graving tool of iron and lead, as a memorial (or a witness) for ever."*—I am, &c.

WILLIAM GOODRUGH.

27 Arundel Street, Strand, Jan. 14, 1839.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Mr. HALLAM, V.P. in the chair. — Mr. Hagard exhibited two sacrificial instruments found in the ancient tombs of Etruria; several of these extraordinary instruments have been brought over to England, but we believe no one has been able to explain the exact use of them. Mr. C. R. Smith exhibited a Roman weight found in the bed of the Thames; it was of brass, in the form of a wolf's head, and boldly executed. The reading was concluded of the 'Life of Sir Peter Carey,' giving minute particulars of his death and funeral. Mr. Beltz communicated some particulars relative to the battle of Cressy, and the positions and movements of the two armies immediately previous to the battle, which being partly read, the remainder was postponed.\*

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday*.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.  
*Tuesday*.—Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.  
*Wednesday*.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.  
*Thursday*.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.; Numismatic, 7 P.M.  
*Friday*.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.  
*Saturday*.—Artists' Conversazione, 7 P.M.; Guy's Hospital, 8 P.M.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### THE DAGUEROTYPE.

Paris, 9th January, 1839.

M. ARAGO made, on the 7th of this month, a verbal communication to the Academy of Sciences, on the fine discovery of M. Daguerre, which confirms all the important points of the report which we gave last week. We extract some passages.—*"In the camera-obscura, the image is perfectly defined when the lens is achromatic; the same precision is seen in the*

images obtained by M. Daguerre, which represent all objects with a degree of perfection which no designer, however skillful, can equal, and finished, in all the details, in a manner that exceeds belief. It is the light which forms the image, on a plate covered with a particular coating. Now, how long a time does the light require to execute this operation? In our climate, and in ordinary weather, eight or ten minutes; but, under a pure sky, like that of Egypt, two, perhaps one minute, might suffice to execute the most complex design."

Considering the great utility of the discovery to the public, and the extreme simplicity of the process, which is such that any person may practise it, M. Arago is of opinion, that it would be impossible, by means of a patent or otherwise, to secure to the inventor the advantages which he ought to derive from it; and thinks that the best way would be for the government to purchase the secret, and make it public. M. Arago mentions the attempts formerly made to obtain images in a similar manner, by the action of the light on nitrate of silver: on this point he says,—*"M. Daguerre has found a substance infinitely more sensible to the light than the chlorure of silver, which is altered in an inverse manner, that is to say, which leaves on the several parts of the plate, corresponding to the several parts of the object, dark tints for the shadowy, half tints for the lighter parts, and no tint whatever for the parts that are quite luminous. When this action of the light on the different parts of the plate has produced the desired effect, M. Daguerre stops it at once, and the design, which he withdraws from the camera-obscura, may be exposed to the full light of day, without undergoing any alteration."*

*"If we consider M. Daguerre's discovery with respect to the utility which it may have in the sciences, it is evident that so sensible a reagent as that which he has found, may enable us to make photometrical experiments, which have hitherto been reputed impossible. Such," said M. Arago, "are experiments on the light of the moon; which the Academy had deemed of sufficient importance for it to appoint a committee, composed of M. de Laplace, M. Malus, and myself, to make them. The light of the moon is known to be 300,000 times weaker than that of the sun; yet we did not despair of obtaining some sensible effects, by means of a lens of very large dimensions. We made use of a very large lens, brought from Austria; and, placing some chlorure of silver in the focus, that being the most sensible reagent known, not the slightest discoloration was perceptible. It occurred to me, that M. Daguerre might have more success with his new reagent; and, in fact, he obtained, in twenty minutes, on his dark ground, a white image of the moon, with a lens far less powerful than ours."*

M. Biot added some details to those given by M. Arago. *"I have several times," said he, "seen M. Daguerre, and I can say, that in the numerous trials which he has made to attain these astonishing results, he has discovered several extremely interesting properties of light, some of which might have been foreseen by natural philosophers, as soon as they inquired what must happen in certain given circumstances, but of which others were completely unexpected."*

As for the principal discovery, I can speak of the perfection of the results obtained, not after my own judgment, but after that of a celebrated artist, M. Paul Delaroche, in whose

company I have examined some of the designs taken by the new process. M. Delaroche thinks they may give useful hints to the most skillful painters, in the manner of expressing by light and shade, not only the relief of objects, but the local tint; the same has-relief in plaster and in marble, will be differently represented in the two designs, and you can tell, at the first glance, which is the image of the plaster.

In one of these designs, you may almost tell the hour of the day. Three views of the same monument are taken; one in the morning, one at noon, and the other in the evening; and nobody will mistake the effect of the morning for that of the evening, though the sun's altitude, and, consequently, the relative lengths of the shadows, are the same in both.—*Le Temps.*

Paris, 13th January.

The discovery of M. Daguerre has been for some time past the subject of marvellous statements. The ingenious contriver of the Diorama had devoted himself to the study of the properties of light, with the ardour and perseverance of which genius alone is capable. Yet the accounts, fabulous as they appeared, are conformable to the truth, except that M. Daguerre's pictures do not give the colour, but only the outlines—the lights and shadows of the model. It is not painting, it is drawing, but drawing carried to a degree of perfection which art can never attain. The facsimile is faultless.

Every picture that was shewn us produced an exclamation of admiration. What fineness in the strokes! What knowledge of the chiaroscuro! What delicacy! What exquisite finish! How soft is that stuff! How salient those bas-reliefs! There is a Venus crouching down, seen in different points of view. How admirably are the foreshortenings given: it is nature itself. All this is wonderful. But who will say that it is not the work of some able draughtsman? Who will assure us that they are not drawings in bistre or sepia? M. Daguerre answers by putting an eyeglass into our hand. Then we perceive the smallest folds of a piece of drapery; the lines of a landscape invisible to the naked eye. With the aid of a spying-glass, we bring the distances near. In the mass of buildings, of accessories, of imperceptible traits, which compose a view of Paris taken from the Pont des Arts, we distinguish the smallest details; we count the paving-stones; we see the humidity caused by the rain; we read the inscription on a shop sign. The effect becomes more astonishing if you employ the microscope. An insect of the size of a pea, the garden spider, enormously magnified by a solar microscope, is reflected in the same dimensions by the marvellous mirror, and with the most minute accuracy. It is manifest how useful M. Daguerre's discovery will be in the study of natural history.

The artist has already enriched science with the solution of several problems. The experiments on the light of Sirius have confirmed the testimony of natural philosophy, and abundantly proved that the stars are bodies of the same nature as the sun. At the request of M. Biot, M. Daguerre has submitted his apparatus to the influence of the light of the moon, and has succeeded in fixing the image of that luminary. We observed that the image had a trail of light, something like the tail of a comet, and we ascribed it to the movement of the body during the operation, which is of much longer duration than that by the light of the sun.

We have seen that the impression of the

\* In last week's report of this Society's proceedings, for "Nesting," read "Nunthing."



image is made with more or less rapidity, according to the intensity of the light, which is more powerful at noon than in the morning or evening, in summer than in winter, in a latitude near the equator than near the pole. M. Daguerre has hitherto made his experiments in Paris only; and, even under the most favourable circumstances, they have always proceeded with a slowness which has not allowed him to obtain complete success, except with inanimate nature, or nature in repose. Motion escapes him, or leaves only indefinite and vague traces. It may be presumed that the sun of Africa would give him instantaneous autographs,—images of nature, in motion and life. — *Le Commerce.*

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Only Daughter.* Engraved by F. Engleheart, from a Picture by Sir David Wilkie, R.A. Moon.

THIS interesting—painfully interesting—perhaps, too painfully interesting work, forms one of the series of masterly productions from the pencil of Sir David Wilkie, classed for publication under the head of "Domestic Subjects." Nothing can equal the depth of its pathos, except the merit of its execution. It represents a young girl, lying on what there seems but too much reason to apprehend is the bed of death. Her physician (an excellent portrait of Sir Anthony Carlisle) sits by her, and is in the act of feeling her pulse; while her agonised parents are breathlessly awaiting the result of his investigation. In the words of the detailed description which accompanies the print, "All things announce one of those dreadful moments into which are crowded the feelings of years,—one of those fearful trials of the heart which, be their issue what it may, never leave the spirit as young, nor the forehead as fresh, as they found them [it?]." It is said on the highest authority, that "it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting;" and, by a parity of reason, the occasional contemplation of a pictorial scene so heart-rending as that before us may make the spectator, though "a sadder," yet "a better man." This, at least, is certain—that the painter has here accumulated, with consummate ability, not only in the principal features of the composition, but in its various and well-imagined accessories, every circumstance calculated to produce the melancholy and sympathetic feeling which it was his object to excite. The plate has been engraved in line, with great care and talent, by Mr. Engleheart.

## BIOGRAPHY.

EDMUND LODGE, ESQ., F.S.A., &c.

WE have this week to record the death of this veteran in literature. Mr. Lodge died on Thursday, in his 79th or 80th year. He was, we believe, Norroy king-at-arms in the Herald's College, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and otherwise honoured by literary titles. In 1791, Mr. Lodge published, in 3 vols. 4to, "Illustrations of British History, Biography, and Manners in the Reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, and James I., from MSS. belonging to the families of Harwood, Talbot, and Cecil." His next work was the Biographical Illustrations which accompany portraits by H. Holbein, in the royal collection, folio; but his great undertaking, that extensive collection of portraiture and biography planned by Mr. Harding, and so well known under the title of "Lodge's Portraits." If we remember rightly, it was commenced some twenty-four years ago, and continued with

great spirit during many years. In private life, Mr. Lodge was full of information; and his general habits of some literary peculiarities—such as much study and the lamp are apt to generate. He was much esteemed by his friends and the society with which he mixed.

## THE DRAMA.

HAS little of novelty for record. At *Drury Lane*, a smart and successful farce, from the pen of Mr. George Dance, and entitled *Now or Never*, has been produced. At *Covent Garden*, the popular favourites continue to fill the theatre to its utmost capacity every night. The Queen has visited *Drury Lane* twice, and the Haymarket once (on Tuesday, when the very deserving manager, Mr. Webster, took his benefit), in a private style, and was allowed to enjoy the entertainments without much calling forward. The Haymarket closed its season on Tuesday, but on Wednesday Mrs. Fitzwilliam had a bumper benefit.

## VARIETIES.

## VERY ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WE have in our time received a pretty considerable quantity of original correspondence, but seldom any more original than the following, which we insert *literatim*, together with the title-page description of the MS. poems offered to our patronage. Perhaps the sample will satisfy our readers, without our going into the main compositions:—

"To the Sects of the British Association Parliamint St London.

"HONOURED SIR,—we humbly beg Your pardon in trespassing on Your attention at this time I am prompted by stern Tyrannic neadessety to this very unpleasant task Your honour will see I have been rather an unfortunat Anemal in life in having to leave my native home Several times for want of employment as a Damask weaver having having a Shop and looms of my own the first time I went into Army eight years when my Reg<sup>t</sup> was broke I returned to my trade and continued twelve Years more When I was discurd again—By the fall of trade and the failing of Manufacturers Any employment I have had since has been in teaching dancing after a long Sereis of Seckness I came from the City of Norwich to London Expecting to receive Some Scores of pounds dew to me by Thomas Earl of Elgin and Admiral Sir Philip Durham, who was the Earls Brother in law Elgin is my debtor for Teaching Hes family dancing and the Admiral for Table linen I wove for hes first Lady Charlotte Buce the Earls Sister Elgin has promesed Several times to pay me but he has not made hes word good on that point I have not got the tythe of my labour from my Noble Cuntrymen they both had Maney letters seven Years back but the Barrester made up the bisness with them Wyse was hes name M P I have Sufered a good many privations Since I came to London not having any employment there has been great promeses held out to me E'er grass doo grou the beast may die

"Hon<sup>d</sup> Sir,—were You pleasd to help me to git a few of my rustic rhymes in print and make me a flying Stationer I will be iternaly gafeul to Your honour and as in duty bound will for ever and ever pray

"R. D. PATERSON

"10 Jun 1839

"18 St Anns St Westminster."

"Original Poetry Sentimental and humour upon a hundred and Fifty Subjects Seris-comic and letween the Second addtion duple-tribble enlarged Some will be upon music and dancing others on drawing and on fencing

Upon history and polidtics  
Religioon too the will be mixt

As lay preachers are nou so many  
My right may be as good as any  
on epegrams and epetapha  
To make Conscueres and Whigs to laugh  
The Radicals will see some chaff  
on eulogys and elegys  
on thorough fares and London fleas  
I'll try some of all ranks to please  
on a-crosticks there will be many  
Of caustic ones there is not any  
on Restitution of all things  
Wpon popes-prists—Bishops and on Kings  
Here ye will see some real requee things  
of songs they'll be a gay tua three  
Wpon love-war and on Masonry  
on hunting Sailors and the sea  
I think my works will make four volumes  
The price will only be ten shillings  
It may be less will be no more  
Extortion I always abhorre."

*Animal Instinct.*—The following fact is related by M. Boden, physician at St. Donnal. It occurred at St. Bonnet-sur-Galaure, canton of St. Vallier, department of the Drome:—"Three dogs, two belonging to M. G., and the other to M. P., of the above village, went out to hunt without their masters. It seems, that after having eagerly pursued a wild rabbit, which took refuge in its burrow, one of M. G.'s dogs, carried away by his eagerness in the chase, entered so far into the burrow, that to retreat was impossible. After scratching to no purpose to extricate him, his two companions returned home, in a state of melancholy and despondency, which was observed by their masters, who could not guess the cause. On the following day the two dogs again disappeared. They returned in the evening to their respective homes, exhausted with fatigue, refusing food, their feet bleeding, and their bodies covered with earth and sweat. The same thing happened on the morrow, and following days. M. G., seeing that his dog did not return, and surprised at the daily disappearance of his second dog, which did not come home till night, and in a most deplorable condition, spoke of it to M. P., who told him that for a week past his dog had done just the same. At length, on the following morning, M. G. was awakened at daybreak by the whining of several dogs that were scratching at his door. He went down to see what was the matter, and his astonishment may be conceived when he saw his dog, which he had supposed to be lost, weak, faint, reduced to a skeleton, escorted by his two deliverers, who had accompanied him to his master's house, and now, seeing him safe in his care, went and lay down quietly on a heap of straw, scarcely able to move a limb. M. G. having then some notion of what might have happened, went out to endeavour to discover the spot where this affecting circumstance had taken place. He found, in fact, that the narrow opening by which his poor dog had entered, was transformed into an open trench, which was evidently the work of the two other dogs.

*Schloss's Bijou.*—We have just had a peep at the copies of this exquisite little annual which have been prepared for her Majesty and the Duchess of Kent; nothing can exceed the taste with which they have been adorned. They are really as fit for royal presents as the Sultan's diamonds, and will (we doubt not) be hardly less appreciated. Since writing, we are glad to learn that Her Majesty has graciously acknowledged the presentation, with a suitable pecuniary compliment to the ingenious Mr. Schloss.

*Literature, &c.*—According to the Supplement to "Bent's Monthly Literary Advertiser" for 1838, there appears an increase of new publications, the number of books amounting to 1550 (1850 volumes), exclusive of new editions, pamphlets, or periodicals, being 170 more than in 1837. The number of engravings is eighty-

seven (including thirty-five portraits), sixteen of which are engraved in the line manner, forty-one in mezzotint, fourteen in aquatint, and sixteen in chalk, lithography, &c.

**American Ideas of Royalty.**—At a ball in the United States, the conversation happened to turn upon the English army, when a young lady remarked to an officer, her partner, "Well now, I guess, your *Miss Kent* knocks you about just as we do our *Niggers*!" *Miss Kent*, meaning our gracious Queen Victoria!

**Encouragement to Artists.**—The New City Exchange Hotel, at New Orleans, was opened on the 1st of November last. It is an immense establishment; and some idea may be formed of its costliness and splendour from the fact, that the painting of the ceiling of the ball-room alone, cost 15,000 dollars! The subjects are of a mythological character.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Captain Marrat, it is reported, is likely to publish his recent travels in America in monthly parts.

**Egyptian Hieroglyphics.**—Mr. Goodhugh, we are informed, is preparing a course of lectures, in which an important step towards the discovery of the hidden meaning of these characters will be developed by an investigation of the Hebrew of the Pentateuch. When we consider that the Israelites remained nearly 300 years in Egypt, the natural inference is, that their language must have been as nearly as possible identical with that then spoken in that country; and as the Pentateuch was written immediately after the Exodus, it presents the nearest approximation to the language of the time in which these symbols appear to have been applied to the expression of ideas. Numerous illustrations from ancient monuments will render these lectures highly curious and interesting.

**In the Press.**  
The Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art; exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements of the Past Year, by the Editor of the "Arcana of Science," and late Editor of the "Mirror."

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

An Answer to the Misrepresentations contained in an Article on the "Life of Clarendon," in No. CXXIV. of the "Quarterly Review," by T. H. Lister, Esq. 8vo. 1s. 6d.—Three Letters to the Marquess of Chandos, on the Effects of the Corn Laws, by R. Torrens, Esq. F.R.S. 8vo. 2s.—Lalla Rookh, an Oriental Romance, by T. Moore, Esq. beautifully illustrated, 1 vol. royal 8vo. 21s.—My First Concomitant, by W. A. Currie, 18mo. 2s.—Scenes from Real Life, by Mrs. Sherwood, Second Series, square, 1s. 6d.—Flaxman's Lectures, with large Additions, 52 Plates, royal 8vo. 21s.—Hoppe's Coleopterist's Manual; Predaceous Beetles, 10s. 6d.—Neodidrius Herrey in Britannia, 4to. 14s.—Journal of the Statistical Society of London, Vol. I. 18mo. 1s. 6d.—The Christian's Daily Portion, by J. Burns, new edit. 18mo. 6s. 6d.—Janet; or, Glances at Human Nature, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Gazella; or, Kibber the Wanderer, by F. Worsley, fcap. 7s.—Scenes at Home and Abroad, by H. B. Hall, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Horace Vernon; or, Life in the West, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—J. Bennett's Practical Geometry, 8vo. 16s.—Wesley's Journals, new edit. 8vo. 14s.—The Sabbath Book, Moral and Religious Extracts, by C. Woodfall, 18mo. 5s.—J. Stephens's History of South Australia (being a 2d edit. of the "Land of Promise"), 8vo. 8s.—Transactions of the Zoological Society of London, Vol. II. Part 3, 20s. coloured.—Grammar of the Five Senses, by F. Wingman, post 8vo. 6s.—The Christian Mission, by J. A. Boddy, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Select English Poetry, 18mo. 4s.—Ecclesiastical Legal Guide, by a Barrister, Vol. I. royal 8vo. 18s.—Daniell's Chancery Practice, Vol. II. Part 2, 8vo. 10s.—The Domestic Altar, by E. Temple, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—The Naturalist's Library, Vol. XXIII. "Marine Amphibia," fcap. 6s.—The Life of Lord Anson, by Sir J. Barrow, 8vo. 14s.—Hints to Mechanics on Self-Education and Mutual Instruction, by T. Claxton, fcap. 4s.—Comments on the Law of Bailments, by J. Story, edited by R. Chamock, 8vo. 10s.—Prior's Life of Edmund Burke, 3d edit. 8vo. 14s.—Manual of Private and Ball-Room Dancing, by B. Dun, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Milnes's Manufacturer's Assistant for Calculating Wages, 18mo. 2s.—Tales and Legends of the Isle of Wight, by A. Elder, fcap. 6s.—Leconard's History of the Birmingham Railway, 8vo. 5s.—Memoirs of Miss Sarah Broster, of Chester, by the Rev. P. C. Turner, 18mo. 3s.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"S. C." is too long for us at this busy time. Mum's subject hardly comes within our province. Sir John Barrow's "Life of Lord Anson" has reached us too late to have the consideration due to such a work paid to it this week.

**ERRATUM.**—In our notice of Mr. Charles Woodfall's excellent selection from English authors, in our last, p. 24, col. 3, by some mistake the volume was called the "Scrap-Book," instead of the "Sabbath-Book," which is the title, and more accurately designates the object of the work.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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